Mendoza (Juan) Spanish Knight

The
moste notable His-
torie of

JOHN
Lord MANDOSSE.

Translated from
the
Spanish
by T. de la Peend.

1565.

¶ To the ryght worshipfull syr Thomas Kemp Knyght.

RYght worshypfull syr, whē thankfulnes had presented vnto myne eies the bookes: wherein the nawes of my frends are imprynted. I founde you for sundrye causes pellellyng an high place thearein. Wherfore, though it fall not to my fortune presently, to acquit & discharge my duty: yet these, as certaine signe of my good will, to the vttermost of my small powre may gratefy you in the meane time. Which as they are (ỹ simple frutes of my small Orcheyard: the trauayle of my rude Muse) I

to the iudgment of the learned and dyscreate Readers. Wishynge to your worshyppe perfecte felicytye.

From the mydle Temple.
Your kydesman: to
commaund. T.
Delapeend.

¶ To the Reader.

VNto the Judgement of
the wyse and learned, I
Submit my paynes (to pleasure thē)
perswaded thorowlye:
That with aduisement they
will speake, and reason ryght
Shall rule theyr tongues. whearfore
syr *Momus* more dyspyte (vnto
I gyue these same: that he,
a whyle maye gnawe theron.
To whet his poysoned rāckling teth,
I cast the curre a bone:

Lest

Leſt that hee ſeeke to byte
my name behynde my backe,
To ſaye that here his verſe is lame,
or here good ſence doth lacke.
For I ofte times haue heard
the vyle deſpyſed ſorte
Blynd ignorantes, of worthie bokes
to make ſuche raſhe reporte:
That when in order good,
they could not read the ſame,
They doubted not by ſlaũderous wor
the authors to defame. (des
That learned men alowe
theſe ſame, it ſhall to me
Suffyſe. Of Pomes I do not ſeeke
commended for to be.
Let them that no tyme ſpare
to ſpeake all that they maye
To mee: and I will anſwere them
right ſone, at eche aſſaye.
Their brutiſhe braynes vnfit
to iudge of melodye,
Their blinded wittes, & ſences ſtopt
do vnto them denie
The vſe of reaſon ſo:
that monſters ryght they be,
Deſpiſed dregges of men, to them
in ſhape alone agree.

Or els ryght πανφαγοι
and curryſh whelpes they weare,
Their iudgementes I do now diſpiſe:
theyr rage I do not feare.

The Argument.

THe mercye of God is merueylous:
VVhich whē it pleaſeth him to ex (tēd
On men, no wile ſo miſcheuous,
Can it peruert from perfect end.
As in this worthye hyſtorye,
It by a Ducheſſe maye appeare,
VVhich faſlye of adulterye
Accuſed, is condemned heare
For to be burned in a fyre:
As then the cuſtome did requyre:
But God, which ſtill defendeth ryght,
From deathe hath her delyuered,
By proweſſe of a Spaniſhe knyght:
VVhom afterward ſhe maryed.

The Historie of Iohn Lorde Mandozze.

WHē Enuy blacke doth breed
within the boyling breſt,
When rampynge rage of
rancour rules
wheare reaſon it ſhulde reſt:
Then will doth beare the ſwaye,
Wheare wyt ſhuld haue the waye.
¶ Syth men of lyke eſtate,
and matches meat in myght,
Within one countrey dwellyng, ſeld
agree. Syth that deſpyte
Doothe dwell wyth famous men.
Syth wealth doth worke the woe,
And plenty placeth pryde oft tymes:
It is not ſtraunge that ſo.
(Debate dyd grow betwene)
The *Mandozzes* and eke
Tolledoes famylyes:
Welle auncyent noble gentlemen,
and cheyfeſt lynes lykewyes
In all the prouince theare.
By worthy workes, theyr fame
Was blowen aboute. All *Europe* then
it dyd reſound the ſame.

John Lord Mandozze.

O noble region Spayne,
for frutes that fertyle foyle,
And happy with the golden mines
for which most men do toyle,
O Realme more riche when that
these houses did agree.
O happy soyles wheare in such men
borne or bronght vp they bee.
Of both these famylyes
ryght noble Gentlemen
There were, but yet the lusty Lord
John of *Mandosse* then
Dyd farre excell them all
in euery exercyse:
Most valiant, most actyue, and
ryght polityke lyke wyse.
He was beloued muche,
of all the cõmons theare:
Accepted for hys courtesye,
with prynces euery wheare.
As *Pallas* paynted had,
his minde with lerned arte:
Euen so dame Nature then, in hym,
ryght well had wrought her parte.
His lymmes were fynely framd,
hys ioyntes so strongly knyt,
That as the Symphonye alwayes
doth please the eares: so it

The

The gasyng eyes of men
doth still delyght as muche.
No paynter for his portrature,
could pycture any suche.
The Grekishe paynter myght
an hundred graces theare
haue seene, which erst in sōdry shapes
he found not any wheare.
And as hys shape did shew
right semelie to the syght,
So for his force he was well knowne
to be a valiaunt knight.
In auncyent hystoryes,
his highe renowmed fame.
Aduaunced hath vnto the skyes
the glorye of his name.
By space of forty yeares
these famylyes betweene,
For sondry causes then
dissention great had beene.
All stoute of eyther parte.
they wolde in no wise beare
Wrong vnreuenged longe wherfore
small skirmishes there weare
Betwene them often times,
Alwaies when they might meate
With weapons drawne ẏ one, did vse
the other for to greate.

But once, with Armyes great
they met theyr myght to trye:
By dynt of sword they wold discerne
theyr matters by and by.
And so, the youthly Lord
Mandossa then did beare
The rule, & charge as cheiftain stoute
of all hys armye theare.
Though to *Minutyus*
he might be matched well
For corage. Yet for counsell did
not *Fabius* hym excell.
When that his foes, he bewes,
in glistring armour dyght.
His soldiers in such sorte he doth
encorage then to fyght.
Behole my frendes, (sayth he)
the tyme approcheth neare.
This day, we must by mãhode great,
withstand our enmyes heare
Our enemyes (sayth hee)
how simply they be guyded.
How rage rules them, & reason vs,
how well we be prouided.
Of armour good, and men,
though not so many as they
Yet such as do not fear, to spend
their blood I dare well saye.

The Captaines Oration to Souldiers Added by the Translatour.

Now

Now, now, this tyme shall trye,
if such as we appeare,
We do acquyt our selues lyke men:
to fyght with lusty cheare.
Who wold not rather chuse,
to dye, then liue with shame?
As dastardes for to be despisd,
to lose the worthy fame,
Which with their blood before,
our auncestores haue wonne.
Shuld we faint hartes not folow thē
to do as they begonne?
What bondage is so vyle?
what yoke so hard to beare
As for to stoope vnto the foe
and styll to lyue in feare?
Our auncestours, with handes,
dyd leue vs lybertie.
Shuld we enthral our selues therfore
for feare and doubt to dye?
To beare the blot of blame
For euer in our name.
¶ Who lookes to lyue so longe
in bondage for to bee?
Can stomakes stout, of manlike men
to seruyle yoke agree?
O happy death, that doth
exempt from miserye.

The noble Romayne Captaines dyd
not double for fame to dye.
Are we not able now,
to kepe the worthy fame,
that earst by blood was won: shal wãt
of courage lose the same?
What wolde our frendes say then,
and all the men that shall
Heare of the shame that shuld by cow
wardyse vpon vs fall?
No man theron wele pitye take,
But euery one wolde vs forsake.
¶ Our parentes dead, and shut
in happy reyl es, they will
For sorow sound into our eares,
a dreadfull howlyng skyll.
Theyr sprightes will vs pursue,
all men will vs dispise.
For wante of manhode we shalbe
a gasing for their eyes.
The chylozen in the streates,
will pointe at you, and saye.
Loe there, the wretches which of late
by force weare dryuen awaye:
From heritages left,
to them so longe agoe.
By their forefathers alde. And they
lyke beastes haue lost it so.

No

No place there ſhall apeare,
from ſhame to hide vs in.
Wherfore at once let vs accompte
to dye or els to winne,
Be ſoute. For if your courage quaile
Loe thē, furth w̄ your force doth faile.
¶ The ſtayne will neuer out,
it ſtyckes vnto the ſtocke,
We muſt take hede therfore leſt that
our ſhyp run on the rocke.
The loſſe of worldly wealthe,
which time may ſoone reſtore,
Is ſmall. But honour beinge loſte
is gone for euermore.
Men as deare to me
as foſtred chyldren are,
Unto their nurce. For whō my blood
nor lyfe I will not ſpare,
Your wealthes is mine. And I
With you will lyue and dye.
¶ Upon your manhodes now,
my ſtate I do repoſe,
And for to winne your wealth, I will
not ſpare my lyfe to loſe.
Now are you at a poynte
to dye or els to lyue,
Contented well with ſuch a lot
as deſtnies vs ſhall gyue.

The Souldyers then aloude,
all with one voyce do crye.
Loe yours we are, thoughe prest we
a thousand deathes to die. (weare
Then streight the trompets sownd
the banners be displaid.
And thundring captaines voyce doth
such men as were afraid. (cheare
The foming Steades do stampe,
halfe mad to heare the sound
Of drommes, the blowes on harnesse
& men that fall to ground. (ring,
Mandossa courseth them.
with charged staffe in hand.
No man could beare his blow so wel,
nor yet hys force withstand:
But downe to ground he goes,
or through his bodie slydes
The speare. And so without a foyle
no man his stroke abydes,
Then with his battell are,
he doth so rudely greete
Them at the fyrst, that after, him
they had no lyst to meete.
His men, to marke that be
his life did hazard so.
their wearied sprightes refreshed are
and forewarde they do go.

On

On euery syde, they laye
aboute them with such myght:
That boyling rage, win their brestes
renewes their force to fyght.
Then buckling by the eares,
the horsemens sheylds haue met,
Unto theyr tacle harde they stycke.
and fote to fote is set.
So valiantly they fought the feilde,
And euery one was loth to yeild.
¶ The tops of speares then flye
about. And swerdes in twaine
Do clinke, such coũter buffes be lent
and paied so well againe.
Such noyse with horses, which
about the feild doe flinge,
Their maisters being flaine before
the feild it doth so ringe,
With dreadfull sound, as though,
into the burning flames
Of *Aetna* mount: flud *Euphrates*
had throwne his downward stra-
But to the purpose now. (mes.
Iohn of *Mandozze* had.
A sister, sure a lady good,
which for these thinges was sad.
And then vppon her knees
within her chamber fell,

And prayd to God contynuallye
that it myght pleaſe him well
To reconſile and make
theſe familyes agre,
That to theyr furyous attemptes
a better ende myght bee.
In mydſt of all the fyght,
when ſlayne on euery ſyde
A nomber weare. And doubtfull ſtill
the conqueſt dyd abyde:
She vowes. If victorie
her brother may obtayne.
To Rome ſhe will a voyage goe
and come a fote againe.
So after cruell fyght,
(it chaunced thus that daye.
The Lord *Mandoſſa* conqueroure,
doth bringe the ſpoyles awaye.
Tolledes theyr force dyd faile
theyr blood abrode is ſpyld,
And driuē to take their legges, furth
they do forſake the feild. (with
The ladye *Iſabell*,
hereof doth vnderſtand,
And ſhe her vowe declareth to,
her brother out of hand.
Which at the fyrſt doth mule,
how ſhe durſt vndertake

Du foote for his behoofe, so long
a voyage for to make.
And loth he is that thee,
should then aduenture so:
Through landes vnknowne, so pery-
a iourney for to go. (lous
But thee vnfortunate
her vowe for to fulfill:
Doth craue so much that he cõsents,
to gyue her his good will,
Vppon this charge that well,
prouided therunto
Of furniture: With ease she should,
by litle iourneys goe.
She takes her leaue of him.
he wills her well to fare,
And as his comforte so her health,
he biddeth her to take.
Departed thus from Spayne vpon
on *Pirenees* anon (hynd,
She moũtes. Whose hils being left be
through Fraunce when she is gon,
And past the vtmost parte
therof. as shee vnder
Beholdes the haughty *Alpes* hylls,
that reache vnto the skye.
As she possessed had
the byggest of them all:

Despising

Diſpiſyng then the cloudes benethe
and Cities ſeming ſmall,
At laſt with dowenward eyes,
Right goodly ſhe eſpies,
¶ The Cytie Thurin fayre,
that noble famous towne:
The duke of Sauoy his ancient ſeate
whoſe wyfe had ſuch renowne,
For bewtyes louely grace:
that euery wheare her fame
with worthy praiſe, had blown about
the glory of her name.
For as to *Helen*, ſhee
was matche for goodly grace:
Euen ſo her fame renoumed was
as much in euery place.
Dame Nature tried in her
the force of all her art,
Iwrought by wōdrous worke, of her
appeared euerie part.
This Duches, ſyſter was
vnto the puiſſant kynge
Of happy Ile, in Ocean wyde,
whoſe facred ſoyle doth bringe
Infeild ſuch valiant men,
and doth with plenty greate,
Increaſe al things, which may for thē
in any wiſe be meate.

Deuided

Deuided from the woꝛlde,
a woꝛld alone it is:
Which of it ſelfe ſufficientlye
hath all comodyties.
Noꝛward, not farre beyond
the noble countrey France.
And Troian *Brute* his land it was
which ſtoꝛies olde aduance.
The ſpaniſh ladie now,
to Thurin glad doth goe,
To trie if fame the trueth hath tolde.
and then, it chaunced ſo
By foꝛtunes fauour fayꝛe,
that as ſhe entred had
Into the Cytie, ſhe eſpies
the Ducheſſe fayꝛe, Iclad
With purple fyne, whoſe gloſſe
doth glyſter in her eyes.
As do the beames of *Titans* ſonne
from hygheſt of the ſkies,
So that ſhe doubteth ſtyll,
whether ſhe ſhould beholde
The ladye bꝛight with beauties ſhine,
oꝛ her attyꝛe with gould
So goꝛgeous and bꝛaue.
both do lykewyſe delyght:
But yet the beames of beuty fayꝛe
ſhyne clearer in her ſyght.

In

In Horſelitter the Du-
cheſſe borne with Horſes fayre,
Vnto the feildes it pleaſeth her
to ryde to take the ayre.
The Ladye Iſabell,
when ſhe perceiued that,
With fyrie eyes beholding her
as one that wondred at
Some ſight that ſeemed ſtraunge:
ſhe ſtandeth ſtill in ſtaye.
The longer that ſhe lookes, the more
ſhe likes in her alwaye.
In mynde ſhe doth commend,
the ſhape of her alone.
She ſurely thinkes, ſhe neuer earſt
did ſee ſo fayre a one.
She knowes her beautie now,
agreing to her fame.
For what ſhe knowes ſhe cã not chuſe
but needs muſt ſhewe the ſame.
The paſſing beuty, whiche
in her aboue all other
She bewes: makes her a matche to
the better for her brother. (make
Whom much more deare then life
(good Lady) ſhe did loue.
And therfore to her companie,
(affection ſo did moue)

In

In Spanish tongue she speakes
aloud. If God (saith shee)
Would grant, my brother might vnto
this Duchesse maried be:
Then might I well be bould,
(and trueth therin) to saye,
They were ye goodliest couple sure,
in *Europe* at this daye.
The Duchesse, which right well
did vnderstand the tonge,
Still passing forth, she marketh well
the company alonge,
All theare as they dio stand:
fayning as though that then,
She dio not vnderstand the speeche,
nor knew what she did meane.
But in her minde she thought,
as she did seme to be,
Some noble woman. And therfore
she biddes a Page, go see
Where shee will go to looge
and shewe her, how that I
Desire her for to go and see
my Castell by and by.
But as the Duchesse doth
walke by the riuers syde:
Wher siluer streams twirt medowes
wo silent noyse do slyde. (greene,

She museth styll vpon
the wordes whych she before
Had herd. And then into her mynd
it runneth euermore.
So tost in troubled minde
she homeward hies in hast,
To talke with Lady *Isabell*.
and so she comes at laste
With quicke returde agayne
vnto her Tassell, wheare
She fyndes the Ladye *Isabell*,
which taryed for her theare.
And so due reuerence
shee doth without delaye,
Vnto the noble Duchesse, as
her better euery waye.
And she ryght courteouslie
Lykewyse doth entertaine
The stranger well: perceiuinge sone
that she came furthe of Spayne.
She of her fortune, and
her name enquyres also.
She asketh eke the cause wherfore
thys voyage she doth go.
When that the Duchesse knew
her byrth to be so great,
She dothe excuse her selfe forthwith,
that she with honour meate

Had

Had not receyued her,
and putteth all the blame,
On ignozaunce of her estate
and place from whence she came.
Then after much good talke
of other matters so,
The noble Duchesse at the last
desyzeth foz to know
Wherto the wozdes earll of
her beutye there she spake,
And wherfoze vñ her bzothers shape
she first that matche did make,
The shamefast Spaniard sayth,
(with blushyng at the same:)
Whē that I sawe your beuty bzight
agreinge to your fame,
I was so bolde, furthwith
in Spanyth speache to pzayse
Hy bzother: though he might haue bē
commended moze alwayes
By mouth of other, foz
because that I may seme,
As syster somswhat parciallie
his beutie to esteme.
Yet notwithstanding that
I do not doubt to saye,
(As they that know hym can repozt)
in Spaine this many a day,

There was not liuinge seene
A worthyer gentleman,
But as to prayse your beauties. It
I haue offended, than
Pardou I craue, because
I spake vnfaynedly
The same, with but agaynst ẏ troth
I could not yet denye,
Wherfore the Duchesse fayre,
lest shee shuld faile to doe:
Per diligence, to further it
shee aunsweres ther vnto,
Madame, thoughe yet in mynd
you thus contynew styll:
I doubt not but by chaunge of place
your iudgement so it will
Be altered, For sure
I rather thynke that you,
In mynd your brothers beutie haue,
so well imprinted now,
That euerie shape, whiche is
presented to your eyes:
You measure to the perfect tipe,
and fourme of him likewise,
Madame, the Spainard saide
if I haue done amisse,
To make comparyson vnmeate:
yet beare with me for this.

Though

Though it maye not becume
his syster for to saie,
So muche, as truth of him might tell
yet sure thus muche, ye maye
Yeare of his enemyes,
whiche ye beyond his grace,
Wyll saye he is the gentlest knyght,
that lyues in anye place.
The Ducheſſe, seyng her
so earnest for to be,
To prayse her brother. Therwithall
delyghted much is shee,
And so the brynges her in,
and calles for supper sone,
Which beyng serued sumptuously
when all the cheare was done,
To honour her the more,
her wyll is so, that shee
Shall in her chamber with her selfe
that nyght well lodged be.
Wher as the pylgrim then,
being wearye of her waye
Toke rest, and soundlye sleped styll
but styll the Ducheſſe laye,
With warres within her head:
as they that lyue in tone,
Nothing ẏ Spanyshe lord vnknown
myght from her mynd remoue.

She doth suppose, her selfe
this semely shape to see,
And well she lykes the fancye, which
doth shew him such to bee.
She doth cõmend his louely face:
And lyketh well hys goodly grace.
¶ In loue she wotes not how,
Such force hath *Cupide* blynd,
A stranger she in darkenes doth
beholde within her mynd.
Supposyng semely shapes
somtyme so to agree:
That soone she saith (vnto her selfe)
euen such a one is hee:
And fayrer then the same,
if any fayrer be.
But at the last, of hym
such one she doth suppose:
That such a frend, she could right wil
contented be to chose.
In mynde, she doth compare
him, to the goodlyest knyght,
That euer she had seene before,
so fancye feades her syght.
That nyght she toke no rest,
but turninge to and fro,
On euery syde, vnquietly:
the night she spendeth so.

Eche

Eche beuty of the knyght,
concepued in her hart,
Lyke poyson vile, increaseth flames
infecting euery part.
The daye, at last alofte
lyftes vp the lampe of lyght.
And *Pheabus* fayre vpon the earthe
doth cast his beames so bryght.
Then Ladye *Isabell*,
prouided to depart:
Doth of the Duchesse take her leaue,
which feleth at her hart
Such feruent flames of fyre,
such gryping greifes, that then,
She wisheth, that she neuer had
the Spanysh Lady seene.
For syth she hath begonne:
Her worke must nedes be done.
¶ She can not rule her rage,
her race begonne to stay,
Her fury doth enforce her furthe
for to kepe on her waye.
And so she could not rest,
vntill the Spanyard, she
Had promysed at her returne,
with her againe to be,
Then wisshing her good spede,
to God she leaues her so.

And whyloſt the Ladye Iſabell,
furth on her waye doth goe:
The Ducheſſe ſtyll doth ſeeke,
the meane, wherbye ſhe maye
Suppreſſe her flames, & quenche the
her furye for to ſtaye. (fire:
But ſtyll the more ſhee ſtrynes,
more feruent is the fyre.
And as the greater hope remaynes:
the more is her deſyre,
Within her tender breſt,
ſuche force is of the flame:
That ſhee, good Ducheſſe, could not
endure to beare the ſame. (longe
Her heauye harte ſo ſore oppreſt
Did ſpoile her lymes of wonted reſt.
¶So. After ſundrye ſwarmes,
of thoughtes on euerie ſyde:
Upon the part of loue then dothe
the byttrye abyde,
It is at ſuch a poynt,
without the better chaunce,
The Duke her huſbād (cuckold) may,
Unto the hornepype daunce.
And thus, at laſt ſhee doth
determyne for to take
Aduiſe her in: and *Emblyn* then,
her mayden for to make,

Of

Of counsell ther vnto
whom shee did know of ould,
So trust ye, that she doubted not
these secreates to vnfould,
To her, when she fyt time voth fynd,
She thus begins to breake her mind.
¶ Emilie, (sayth she)
it is well knowen to you:
If you haue taken heede vnto,
My fashions ere now,
Euen synce that fyrst, I did
From England came my waye,
Vnto thafflycted myndes, I was
a refuge and a staye.
But deskentes, they, now
such lot to me do gyue:
That I of counsell neade as much,
as any one alyue.
Sith worthye I haue none,
my mynd to vnderstand
But your in you alone my fyrste,
and lateste helpe doth stand.
This cause it doth impoze
no lesser thynge then this,
Whearon both lyfe, & honour lyeth
of suche a weyght it is.
And therfore this may tell,
That I dare trust you well.

She shewes furthwith, that she
was not in quyet sence,
The Spanysh Ladye *Isabell*
departed had from thence.
And so declares, that with
her brothers worthy prayse
My harte is wonne: so that within
my minde, his vertue staies.
And I can take no rest,
My wytes, on him alwaies
Be occupyed. Yet one
myght muse how it should be.
But I shall never live in rest:
tyll I that Lord may see.
Thys sayd, she doth conclude,
that for no wanton will:
But for to weive such semely shape,
therfore she longeth styll.
Then *Emblin*, which did loue
euen with her hart alwayes
The Ducheſſe, Piteing her cause,
with gentle wordes she prayes
Her for to staye a whyle,
and to resyst her gryfe:
And she within two dayes at most
for her will fynd relyfe.
The Ducheſſe glad therof,
requires her earnestly

To

To thynke theron, and promiseth
if good effect therby
Do come: to no vnthankfull one
She shuld perceine that pleiure done
¶ And so, when *Emblin* had
approued many wayes.
Therfore. Vnto the Duchesse, she
doth come within two daies,
And telleth her: that, if
thys meane may like her minde,
She neade not further seke, therfore
a fitter shykt to synd.
And if that you wyll do this same:
Your enterprise of force must frame.
¶ If you, furthwith will sayne
your selfe so syche to be:
That euerye one more hope of death
then lyfe in you maye see,
In midst of all the sycknes, you
Right solemnlye may make a bowe:
¶ That if you may furthwith,
recouer health againe.
Within a certayne time to goe
a voiage into Spaine,
Vnto sayne Iames his shryne.
and freelye forward so,
With Ladye *Isabell* at her
retourne; you may well goe.

And then you may behould,
as longe as you shall please
The knyght which now hath ben the cause
of this your great vnease
But we alone shall haue
to much adoe, I feare,
So fynelye in the brauest sort
to bringe about this geare
Wherfore if you thynke good
to ioyne the thyrde heareto,
One man I may commaund for me
all that he can to doe,
And this is maister *Appian*.
Your graces owne Phisician.
Wherein I may be bould
to tell the truth to you,
He hath sought many sundry meanes
to winne my loue ere now,
He hath bene vered sore,
longe tyme for loue of me:
And that in waye of honestie,
(as farre as I could see)
Of whom tyll now, I haue
accounted very small
For hetherto he hath receaued
almost no hope at all,
But if wyth flattryng eyes,
and chearfull lookes, I shall

Wake

Make much of hym, and sumtyme for
to kysse him ther wyth all:
I knowe his loue is suche,
he would not sticke for me,
To make an hasard of his lyfe,
if such a neade shuld be.
He is a wyttye man,
and trimlye learnd also,
Esteemed muche abroade, and maye,
do much heare in I kno.
The Ducheſſe, streyght as she,
doth vnderstand of this
Discourse: the polycye vnto
her mynd so fytt it is,
That ouer come with ioye,
the mayd she did embrace.
And said good wēch hereby, thou hast
hyghe and lefte ye place
In my good will, and so,
you shall haue euermore.
By fayth of me a Pryncesse I
do promyse you therfore,
If that my purpose, now
take happilye succesſe,
I will no longer vse you as
an handmayden doubtlesse,
But I do rather mean,
a frend of you to make.

Of

Of whō in doubtfull thinges alwaies
some comfort I may take.
For I assure my selfe,
as you haue shewed here in
Your gredie will, so may you styll
proceade as you begin,
And as a strong and stedfast staie
I shall accounte of you alwaye.
¶ Now am I satisfied,
by that: which you haue sayde,
So well, that I of any thinge
nead not to be afraide,
If fortune on our syde
may be. Now go thy waye,
To talke with thy Physician,
and I without delay,
Will lay me downe to rest,
and fayne disease, so well
That none may it perceiue, now gon
is *Emblyn*, for to tell
How that the Duchesse is,
diseased in her head:
And lately is layd downe to take
sume rest vppon her bedd,
The Duchesse doth deuyse
to haue a further payne.
Within her stomake sone she learnd,
such sycknes for to fayne.

Sohe

She tourneth often tymes
about, to seke her ease,
And though she fayne it finelie: yet
shee feleth no diseas.
She plunged is in paine
poore soule, for pleasures sake:
She meanes by greif so much to gain
as shall her sorowes slake.
Such wittes haue women. Loe
such shyftes how they can make
When that they list full prettilye
theyr pleasures for to take,
So sycke as she appeares,
so hole is deade she is,
She semes so sad, and in so glad,
that none perceaueth this.
No one suspicious parte,
for to declare her mynde,
In all the tyme of that desease,
in her they could not fynde.
Full foure dayes thus she laye,
and semd to take no rest:
Although that with no painful greise
She felt her selfe oppreste.
Yet lookynge like to die,
the liuelye ladye lyes,
Nor hope of health in her at all
that anye one espies.

Eche

Eche one bewayles her woe,
and sorowes for her greyfe:
Her selfe alone a refuge knowes
in sycknes to releife
Her hart. O colour fyne,
O craftye cloked ioye.
Her sorowes such, her ease so much
such pleasaunt sweete anyie,
Well worth such witts, as haue,
the way for to deuyse
A remedye for to recure
theyr carefull miseryes,
Well worth the ready braines
that euer haue in store
A shyft at nead, within a Bore
beare salue for euerye sore.
So symple as shoe seeme,
so subtle as she is:
It is a wonder for to see
them so deceaud in this.
No man alyue could more,
dissemble in such case,
Her wordes so fytlie framd therfore,
that sure had the grace
For to be sycke, but now
hath *Emblin* begonne
To talke with maister *Appian*,
and thus at last hath donne

So

So much: that shee hath fett
him into louers trace
And then w long discourse forthwith
she shewes the Duchesse case:
What furyous fyttes shee felt,
what panges she did abyde:
Tyll that this remedie, for her
at last shee did prouide.
And thereto to conclude,
she addeth this therto:
That if he kepe her counsell close
endeuouryng to doe,
His best to ayde her, then
she promyseth streight waie,
To be his wyfe, To wittnesse which,
she makes no more delaye.
But with her foulded armes
his necke she did imbrace,
And kyssed him ryght louinglye,
But *Appian* glade of grace,
Can skant such ioye sustaine,
thearwith more glad was he,
Then if that his *Hipocrates*,
or *Galen* he should see
From out theyr restfull graues,
for to haue rysen then,
To lead theyr lyues, as they had done
amonge the myddst of men.

He promyſed, her then
in nothinge to denie,
While he ſhould lyue, & ſo thearon
vp go they by and by,
Vnto the Ducheſſe then
theyr purpoſe to begyn.
And to her chamber ſo
when they weare entred in,
He maie perceiue how thee
doth hardlye drawe her winde,
And for the ſuffocation of
her matryce, he doth fynde
Furthwyth, that ſhe would haue
a ſtomoke very weake.
With doubled tongue w̄in her mouth
full fayntlye ſhe could ſpeake,
He doth to them declare,
what daunger ſhe is in:
With manie proteſtations
his tale he doth begine,
Fyrſt biddinge euerie one
to drawe them ſelues aſyde,
Whyſt he by further talke may tell,
how ſhe her ſelfe ſhall guide,
And ſo furth with they goe awaye,
And leaue hym there his mind to ſay.
¶ Now that all theſe afayres
the better he myght hyde,

With

With him an od perfume he brought
the force wherof was tryed
To be so strange, that by
the smell thearof, straygbt waye
The Ducheſſe in such fyttes lyke one
halfe dead, long tyme shee laye,
Tyll force thearof were gone,
and then to her agayne,
The [illegible] neke, and wonted hue,
it did fourthwith remaine.
The Ducheſſe, lyked that
so well: that in her minde
She thought all men cold not, for her
a fytter medcine fynd.
Amonge them three, then is
the matter handled so:
That through ye town ye comen bruite
From mouthes of men doth go:
The Ducheſſe neades wyll dye.
the Duke doth vnderstand
Yeareof, and sent for all the best
Phisicians out of hand
That were in *Thurin* then:
to this entent that they
Shuld looke to her, which being cum
Unto the Duke, straygbt waye
Unto her chamber vp,
they all together goe

The Duke with them desires to here
how that his wife maye doe,
Whose colour in her face
was altered so much:
That shee appeared then as thoughe,
shee neuer had bene suche.
And they which her before had seene,
Might doubt if she the same had bene.
For why, of *Appian*
she tooke perfume before:
That of her health Phisycians,
Despayred euer more.
And so when all they had
consulted what they could
With maister *Appian* they doubt
what waye thearin they should
Take. And at last they come
the Duke vnto, and saie
Twere best, ẏ for her soule he should
prouyde the best he maye.
The Duke be yond all mesure,
afflycted then with greife:
Sendes for the bysshopps suffragane
a man of Godlye life,
That he should her exhort
stedfast in fayth to be.
And of this father olde, furthwith
confessed then is she,

With

With voyce so faint (God knowes)
Her wordes were vttered
As though not of this world she were
she seemed then halfe dead.
Her piteous ruthfull lookes,
perswaded euerye one,
That from her senceles corps furthe
the lyfe [illegible] be gone. (with
Yet thankes be vnto God,
a faythfull soule was she:
She hopes, ere it be longe, in shrift
with spanishe Lord to be.
The Bishop in few wordes,
with her had quycklye done:
Her nature faylynge sure he thought
that death was comminge on.
The Duchesse gyues him thankes:
desyrynge that he will
Amonge his daylye orisons.
her soule remember still,
Then streyght the lustye Lordes
and Ladyes do cum in:
One doth bewayle her wofull case.
an other doth begin,
To gyue her counsell that
to dye she maye prouide,
And lykneth men vnto the flower,
that can not long abyde.

The Ducheſſe then begyns,
in frantike furyous fitts,
To beate her ſelfe, and taketh on
as ſhee had loſt her wytts.
Amaſed thear with all,
as manye as are by
Do thinke, how ẏ her life will leaue
her corps imediatlye.
One wyſe amonge the reſt,
Alowd to her doth crye:
O ſoucrayne thinke on chriſt ẏ which
on croſſe for vs did dye.
Another willeth her,
on other ſayntes to call:
The noyſe is great, but *Emilie*
which knowes her counſells all,
Saynt *Iame* (ſayth ſhe) from youthe,
you ſhorſhypped alwaies.
To heare of him the ducheſſe ſtreight
as in a traunce ſhee ſtayes,
She rules with vylage wan,
her deadlye downward eyes.
And trembling verye fynelye, then
with holow voyce ſhee cryes.
O glorious Apoſtle,
whych me dyoſt helpe alwaye:
If by thy interceſſion,
my healthy this tyme I maye

Recouer

Recouer well, to thee
due honour for to doe
Vnto the place, whearas thy corps
is buryed wyll I goe.
When fayned prayers she,
had ended in this wyse,
To trie if shee can sleape a whyle,
she shuts her sheauye eyes,
And when in quyet rest,
she dyd contynew so:
Then euerye one therfore furth of
her chamber straight doth go,
Crept the Duke alone,
which could not go awaye:
But for his louyng spouse her health,
to God on hyghe doth praie.
Two howres then beyng past,
the Duchesse in her bed,
Doth stirre more liuelie then before:
and holdeth vp her head,
That one myght see she was
well eased of her payne.
With strength she casteth furthe her armes.
& plucks them in again.
The Duke her husbande then,
with liuely chearfull eye:
With heauie hue leninge beside,
her head, she doth espye.

And then about his necke,
her heedles armes doth caste:
And kyssing him she sayd, good Lord,
three howres not fully past,
I thought I should haue left,
these toyes and all with you,
But thankes to God, & eke the sayntt
to whom I made my vowe,
I fele my selfe, so well
amended for to be,
That if I ware not worse agayne,
I dare well warrant thee,
You shall not yet awhyle
be maryed anye more.
But whē ỹ Duke did heare the same
he was so glad therfore:
That then he had no power
to speake one word at all,
But marueylynge doth her behould
as one that had a fall
Downe from on hyghe, and styll
lyes gasyng on the ground,
Not knowing wheare he is, lyke one
that falleth in a sound,
This past, as sone as of
these newes the people knoe,
Reioysing, that the Duchesse fayre
was then amended so,

In

In theyr processions
to God great thankes they gyue,
As was their wōt. For wel they hope
the Ducheſſe now will lyue.
Eche one did wayle her woe,
and of her health to heare
Eche one was glad, within the court
theare hauinged was the cheare
They now begin to styrre,
whyche earſt did ſit full ſad.
The Ducheſſe was ſo well beloued
that euery one was glad
To heare the newes and ſo,
the Ducheſſe takes ſuche heade.
That ſhe recouered before
ſhee felt dyſeaſe in deade,
Then in her hart began
anoter kynd of playe.
That ſame dyſeaſe ſhe could not help
by anye kynde of waye,
For Lord *Mandozze* then,
that tyme continewed ſo:
Untyll the Ladye *Iſabell*
homeward returned fro
Her voyage, and forthwith
vnto the Ducheſſe came:
For that at her departinge thence,
ſhe promyſed the ſame.

So when with other talke,
the Ducheſſe fayre, and ſhee
Proteſted had, how thone was glad
the other for to ſee.
To tell her then at laſt,
the Ducheſſe doth not ſtaye,
How that fore ſycke ſhe kept her bed
ſtyll ſence ſhee wynt[illegible]
Fro thence. For then ſhee [illegible]
forget, to tell her how,
By grace of God & good Saint *Iames*,
to whom ſhee made her vow:
Her health thearby ſhe hathe
recouered aganye.
If of the Duke her huſband then
ſuch leaue ſhe may obtaine.
Shee ſhould be happye ſure,
her vyage for to goe
In her good companye,
the Vapnyſhe ladye ſo
Perſwardes her for to doe,
and further doth declare,
The ſynguler momodyties
which in her contreie ars.
How worthy gentle man
and Ladyes fayre and free,
At her Aryuall theare furthwith
will cum her grace to ſee:

All

All readie for to dee,
best seruyce that they can,
And so your companye sayth she:
shalbe much honour then
To me, in pleasant waye
how merye we maye be.
For to perswade her willyng mynd
no [illegible] the nytteth she,
It [illegible]deth not to byd
hym go, that runnes awaye,
It neadeth not by force to dryue
the horse that wold not staye.
Few wordes maye soone perswade
the iudge that is content:
Euen of his owne accorde vnto,
the case for to consent.
The Ladye Isabell,
perswadeth her to go,
And she had of longe tyme, before
be willyng therunto.
The Duchesse then dyd thynke
eche taryaunce longe alwaye,
And therfore to the Duke,
her husband on a daye
She sayth. Oy Lord I thynke
ye knowe the greuous payne,
And martyrdome which I so longe
in sycknes dyd sustayne.

The vow also, I trowe
you haue not yet forgott.
Which for my health recouered,
I gladlye made, God wott,
And therfore me suche leue,
I pray you for to geue:
¶ That out of hand I maye
dispache this voyage [illegible],
Hauynge occasyon fytt by thyth
great Ladye as ye know.
She wolde be glad I thynke,
that we myght go to gether.
And it myght be both for myne ease
and honour to go with her,
Thearto, the gentle Duke
ryght gladly dyd agree,
The treason, lodged long with in
her brest he coulde not see.
Prouisyon beyng made
for thinges, that they maye neade,
Lyke Pilgremes then Iclothed, on
theyr Iourney they proceade,
With manie Ladies fayre,
and lustie gentlemen,
Syr *Appian* and *Emelye*
were not forgotten then,
Amonge the rest, so much
by trauayles great they do:

That

That paſt the froſen *Alpes* byghe
they cummen are into
The cuntreye of *Roſwillon*,
and entred in to Spayne:
The Ducheſſe ſeinge ẏ place ſo nigh
wherof ſhe was ſo ſayne,
She prayeſe the Ladye *Iſabell*
That by the waye ſhe wold not tell
Whoo ſhe ſhoūld be. And ſo,
in lytle iourneys they
Arryue, wheare as the luſtie Lord,
Iohn yf *Mandozze* laye.
The Spanyſhe Ladye prayes
the Ducheſſe then, that ſhe
Waye ſende to ſhew her brother that
arryued theare they be.
The Ducheſſe is content,
the meſſenger is gon,
And found the Lord *Mandozze* ſone,
to whom he ſhewes anon.
Yow that the Ducheſſe is
euen now, arryued theare.
And tels ẏ queſtions: which betwene
her, and his ſyſter weare:
And paſſynge beutye of
the Ducheſſe doth declare.
Mandozze then right gladly doth
hym ſelfe furthwith prepare,

With

With fortie or fyftie of
his worthyeſt gentlemen,
Right brauelye ſo appointed to
receaue the Ducheſſe then,
And in his mynde he thought,
no Pryncelle was ſo free
Or careles of her labour, in
that age and tyme; that ſyee
A foote wonde vnderfake
So great a voyage for to make.
¶ But for ſume other cauſe.
but what therof he maye
Conceaue, in mind right well he doth
diſſemble that alwaye,
So on he ryoes, tyll that
his ſyſter doth eſpye,
Him from a farre in fyeldes, and ſo
ſhe ſheweth by and by
Vnto the Ducheſſe how,
he which cõmes ryoynge heare
Vppon a Genet whyte as ſnowe:
that is her brother deare.
The reſt his ſubiectes are,
Mandozze comming nighe,
Thryſe or foure times at leaſt, he ma
his horſe to mount on high, (kes
And leape into the ayre,
with flynging feete aloft.

Or

Or this syde turninge thrise about
on thother syde as oft,
His foote on ground being set
with comlie grace streightwaye,
When he had kysse the ducheſſe hand
Madame, then dyd he saye.
I thinke the wandring knightes
that wandlonge agoe,
And sought to wyn immortall fame
by valiaunt actes also,
If they had found suche hap,
admonge auentures great,
That wo suche worthie Pylgremes so
they might somtime haue met:
Their Speare and Harnes they
would soone haue layed syde
To beare your burdens in the waye,
your trauaill to a byde.
And then the Pryncesse, which
was well brought vp alwaye,
And lyued had in ease, and ioye
vntill that present daie,
Lest she for shamfast feare,
should sayle agayne to giue
Answere to him (My Lord) she saith
if knightes which erst dyd liue
Such as you saie they should
by greater byllie, haue mett.

With

With Pilgrimes such as we apeare:
we must neades hope, that yet
The blessed saynt to whom
I made so solemne vow:
To honour whom I vndertake
this tedyous trauayle now,
Wold saue vs from theyr force
or els we should sustayne
These laboures great, in iourney
at last to lese our paine (long,
And so, this fyrst attaynt
a waye to loue dyd make
More wide. Thē Lord *Mandozze* sone
her by the arme doth take:
And to his castell leades
her furthe, with softlye pace,
Deuysyng talke not tedious
to her in anye case
He leades the Duchesse fayre,
Cupido blynd dothe leade
Them both. As they stil on their way
with tender feete doth tread,
The one, the other dothe
behoulde with fyxed eyes:
And both theyr hartes lyke loue doth
in frendlie hand likewise. (hold
The poyson left behind
from loue, his leaden dart.

Doth

BIBLIOTECA
DEL MUSEO
DE LA PLATA

She sawe all beuties set
in him before her eyes,
More perfect portrature, she thought
no paynter could deuyse:
Though fancie partlye dye
perswade her thearunto,
She was not much deceaud, for why
the Italian storyes do
Aduertise his worthye shape,
and further shew of hym,
How he did passe the Princes all,
which lyued in his tyme.
But when the Duchesse had
by outward gestures toulde
The secretes of her hart oft tymes:
and comfort neuer could
Receaue, to satesfie
her vncontented mynde:
And blamyng much within her hart
the knyght to be vnkynd,
Syth for her trauyle, shee
no better hyre could fynde,
When at his castell shee
three dayes had taryed so:
Therfore she doth determyne thence
next mornyng for to goe.
She meanes to gyue the slypp
so to deceaue the knyght.

And when *Aurora* had remoued
the darkſum ſhades of nyght
When lyght of daunyng daye,
Had driuen ỹ goulden ſtarres away.
¶ The Ducheſſe goes vnto
the chaumber by and by,
Whearas the Ladie *Iſabell*
within her bed did lye.
So takynge leaue of her,
ſhe thankes her hartelye
Both for her entertainement theare
and all her courteſye,
The Ducheſſe now ſhe is
departed with her trayne,
Mandozze vnder ſtandes theareof
within and houre or twayne.
He looketh then about,
and ſorye in his hart,
He muſeth much whearfore ſhe ſhuld
ſo ſudaynlye depart,
And take no leaue of him.
ſo troubled muche in minde,
Amõg a thouſand thinges he thinkes
it harde the cauſe to fynde,
And thus ſo longe at laſt
he marueyleth theare at,
That his vnthankfulnes he knowes
to be the cauſe of that.

Vpon

Upon him selfe he sees the blame
And is right sory for the same.
¶ Sith she a Pryncesse great,
dyd cum so farre to see
Hym thē he cold not chuse but thinke
him selfe vnkinde to be,
For that to please her then
he was no redyer.
Nor yet his seruice franke and free
had neuer offred her,
Whearfore he takes with him
two of his men streyght waie.
And after her rydes furthe
in all the haste he maye,
At last vpon a Caulswaye, he
Espyes them in theyr waye to be.
¶ A lyghted from his horse
he makes no more delaye,
But asketh of the Duchesse why
she went so sone a waye,
If at his castell then
she was dyspleased so.
That of her goynge thence she would
not suffer him to knoe,
He promiseth with all
his seruice true to doe:
If it maye pleate her so. He will
with her to *Thurin* goe.

He wyll not her forſake
for all the wozld beſyde:
If that ſhe will comaund him ſo
with her to go oz ride.
And paſſing further he
in ſyghing ſoze doth ſaie:
O Ladie Ducheſſe, foztune had
done much foz me that daie,
If when my ſyſter made
the vow that ſhe would goe
To Rome: I had of enemyes
furthwith bene conquerd thoe.
Foz then I myght haue had,
ſome hope agayn to bee
A conquerour on them lykewiſe,
and ſomtyme to be free.
But now vnto my ſelfe
ſubdued: I muſt remayne
A ſubiect euermoze, exept
by you I get againe
Loſt lybertye at laſt.
in you to ſaue oz ſpyll
My life it lyeth. I haue no foꝛce
foz to ſubdue my wyll.
Unto your grace my ſelfe I yeld
on me your lyſte full fyll,
You are the cauſe of all my care.
you may recure mine ill.

For now (Ah las,) synce you
this contrey fyrst came in:
I felt such hard assault within
my hart for to begin,
That left me to resyst,
I haue no further might.
And vanquyshed it boteth not
A fortune man to fyght,
I wot not what to doe,
but to complayne my greif,
(For to be waile my woes) to you
which maye my mynd releife,
And euer that which I
so hardlye could sustaine:
You would dessemble it, as though
you dyd not know my paine.
Oft tymes by sygnes, I did
to you declare my mynde,
And you so straunge therto alwaies
my meaninge would not fynd.
Far frō my thoughtes you seme to be
My woeful sighes you would not see.
¶ And that the soner, so
my lyfe myght make an end
You left my house also to vaie,
disdaynynge for to spend
So lytle tyme, as for
to bid me well to fare.

And that doth greue my hart agayne,
renewynge all my care,
So, these maye you desyre
For to retourne with me:
And she we me further courtesye,
or els that you maye see.
On mee, whyche you should moze
vpon your foes reuenge.
For cruell death, of this your sight
shall paye the woefull byze.
And mournefull syghes, he drawes
from depest of hys brest:
To tellifye the passions
whearwith he was oppzest,
And gentle teares from out
his eyes do fall a pace,
The lyuelye blood with collour fresh
dyd chaunge within his face.
So that he thought his soule
with greife oppzest so sore:
wold thé haue left his senceles corps,
the Duchesse now therfore,
Thoughe shamfast blood with in
her blushing cheakes: do stay her
her tale for to begyne: (tunge:
The blood as red as rose
within her face so cleare,
(O beuties force) it did present,
a passyng louelye cheare.

With modestie deuine,
she rules her twynckling eyes,
And smokynge sighes ful sweete also
she castes vp to the skyes,
The crystall teares do fall:
From downe her face with all.
¶ When reason had at last,
the woefull band vndon,
Whiche staied her tung with Angells
to speake she thus begon. (voice
I do not know the cause,
wherfore you do pretend,
That I should gyue occasyon,
your youthfull dayes to end.
For if I knew my selfe
but cause of your anoy:
My lothed life, I could for greyfe
no longer tyme enioye.
Such care I would conceaue therby:
That I should muche desire to dye.
¶ Assure your selfe therfore
that I would be your owne,
For all the would I would not this
to anie heare were knowne
The fainting feare quight fled awaie
she doubteth not furthwith to saye.
¶ That flamynge fyre of loue

(Is kentled in her brest)
And she with how by nyght, or day,
for him she takes no rest,
If you one howre should fele,
such fyttes as I sustayne:
You myght saith she, of cruelty
then with a cause complaine.
For sure your absence is
a verye death to mee,
And long (I know) I could not live
without sum hope to see
You sone. Againe for this
to you I will confesse:
Long time ere now, I haue for you
endured in destresse.
It is vnpossyble
almost that I should lyue:
If fortune vnto me furthwith
sum comfort do not gyue.
But this I must needes saie:
that when at fyrst, I sawe
Your colde affection and desire,
such fayntyng fore to drawe
Me to your mynd: I thought
the cause therof should be,
For sum oppinion ill, which you
conceyued had of me,

Or that perchaunce, you thoughte
(for sure it maye be so)
That I should seeme to lyberall,
myne honour to forgoe.
And that my countrey soyle,
I did therfore forsake
That of my selfe, a slaue I should
to youre good graces make.
And onlie for this cause
I tooke no leaue of you:
Wherfro youre house I came, but yet
perceiuing playnlie, now
By this your beanie cheare,
that otherwise I maye
Suppose therof: I do confesse
my fault. And you I praye
For to forget it and
at my returne, I shall
Sufficient satisfaction paye,
and make amendes for all
I will repent in place,
whcare as I haue offended.
And prysoner my hart with you
till all this be amended
I leaue. And thus the whilst
contented you must be,
And to your castell now retourne,
no further go with me.

The knyght therto obayes,
her mynd for to fulfill:
But yet her beauties all within
his hart imprynted styll
He beares, aburden hoate,
with loue beynge sore oppreſt,
And hope prolonges his life, which he
doth leade in great vnreſt,
Eche one the others hart
doth hould. And so lykewyse
The gestures of the one are styll
before the others eyes.
Now him we leaue, by hope
his fancyes for to feade,
And to the Ducheſſe now, which on
her voyage doth proceed,
For fortune lyeth in watche
and doth her nettes prepare,
She spoyles them of their pleasures
e turnes theyr ioye to care. (sone
So fortunes wheele doth run,
and roull on euerye syde,
Still turneth fortune to and fro
she neuer doth abyde
Longe tyme in sure & stedfaſt stays
But shyftes her fycle feete alwaye.
¶ When that with fayreſt face,
she semeth for to smyle,

Then

Then with *Sirenes* songe so sweete
she seketh to beguyle,
Wherfore all wyse men wyll
in wether fayre alwaye
Prouide their needfull thinges aga-
a stormy lowryng daye (yust
No wyse men nothing cummes,
vnlooked for before.
For all mishaps, the manlike mynd
is armed euermore.
This Duchesse led her lyfe
tyll nowe in blessed ioye,
And sone, together darkesum cloudes
do cum to her anoye.
She is prepented now.
Mandozze hopes in vayne,
For fortune brekes the band, furthw
of all theyr blisse intwaine.
She lowres on them on whom
erst frendlye she did smyle.
Theyr greedye mynde of pleasures
she doth furthw beguile. (swete
Not twelue dayes after that,
the lyuelye Duchesse, she
From *Thuin* did depart, the Duke
her husbane gan to be
Anoyed with absence longe
of her, whom he ryght deare.

Did

His bould for feruent loue, which he
did euer to her beare,
And then conſydering well,
that ſhe was ſyſter to
A kynge, and how that her he left,
ſo longe awaie to goe:
Perceiuing this, that it
vpon her honour laye:
He maketh althingesmeate, to be
prouided for his waye.
And well accompanyed
with ſtore of gentlemen,
Without delaie he taketh ſhyp,
and into *Galye* then.
The ſailes be full with wind,
through ſurgyng ſeas amaine
They ſkoure away, ỳ hillike waues
deuided ſo in twayne,
The wynd doth ſerue ſo well
vnto his will, that he
Arriued at ſaynt *Iames* his towne,
before the Duchelle ſhe
Was cum. But ſo at laſt
he vnderſtandes among
The Pilgremes theare, ỳ it belyke,
would not be verie longe,
Before ſhee came, for they
had left her then behinde:

By

By litle iourneis comming furth,
whearfoze ryght glad in mynd,
The Duke furthwith both send
sum of his gentlemen,
In hast to ride, and met with her,
so foz to shew her then
The commyng of the Duke.
which when the Ducheſſe had
Ben tould by thē, she made as though
thearof she had bene glad,
But sure she could haue bene
contented well: that he
Should not haue taken halfe ȳ paines
to cum so farre to see,
In trauaile tedious
how well as shee had fared
His companie a while (God wots)
ryght well she might haue spared.
¶ Thoughh then her fancye led.
her lust foz to fullfyll.
Yet doth her reason teach her moze
to esteme her honour styll,
And therfoze fynelye, she
doth fayne alwayes to be
Desyzous with great diligence
her husband foz to see,
Sũ cheare to hī she nedes must make
Thoughe it be but foz fashions sake.

So she to him forthwith,
with fayned speede doth goe,
And louelie lookes for him right fine,
she shaped had also,
Then after greeting sweete
she pytieth his paine,
That he in danger great for her
such trauaile should sustayne,
And sorye inher minde,
(she sayth) she is, therfore,
But for *Mandozze* lustye knyght,
it greued her the more.
And so, in to the churche
together they be gon:
Whearas her praiers ended fyrst,
the Duchesse doth anon
Remember in her minde
her loues so lewdlye past
And winnes so much of wyll that she
repentyng, knowes at last
That God was much againste
her enterpryses styll:
That shee the Duke vnfaithfullye
deceyued: should fulfill
Her lust. And sorow so,
doth synke within her brest,
That then within her beauye hart
furthwith she doth protest,

To flye her fylthy flame
and fufther to forgett,
Manduzze his graces all. And muche
she thanketh God, that yet
Her lust beyonde the bondes
of honour hath not gon,
And cleane to quenche her lothesome
she doth agree theron, (loue
That so she wyll departe
from thence, euen out of hand,
Nor of this newes now will she let
Mandozze vnderstand,
She instantlye requyres,
her husband home to hast.
And so to shyps they go, and saile
so longe, till at the last
Marseille hauen they take:
anoyed of the seas,
And therfore then on horsebacke they
do ryoe in better ease
To *Thurin*: wheare they lyued
to gether longe in ioye,
And perfect loue. But now, the lorde
Mandozze in anoye
Doth lyue, for absence of
the Duchesse all this while,
His harte abode with her, and he
dyd liue in longe exile.

But

But when he knew, how that
the Duke was commen thyther:
And how the Ducheſſe fayre, and hee,
returned home to gether:
His greife he doth ſuſtayne,
ſeynge no remedye:
Ye neades muſt now make vertue of
extreame neceſſitie,
Determininge to goe,
to *Thurin* her to ſee,
But now this while, ẏ all theſe thigs
in ſuch a ſtate they bee,
The *Almayanes* lately with
an armye huge they are,
Cum in to fraunce, and ſo do ſpoyle,
the contrey euery whearе.
¶ As ſone as of the ſame,
the kynge doth vnderſtand,
He ſendeth to the noble Duke
of *Sauoy*, out of hande
With armye great of fraunce
to encounter with his foes,
But all thinges in good ozder ſet
at home befoze he goes
He doth appoynt foz his
leiuetenaunt generall
The countye *Pancalyer*, to whom
thaffayzes and charge of all

Hys Duchy he dothe leue,
that as hys selfe alwaye,
The Countie, in his absence they
should honour and obaye.
The Countie well was knowne
both noble and dyscreate:
And for to take the rule and charge
of cõmen wealthe most meate.
They noble men thearto agree:
The people well contented bee.
¶ So when he seeth hym selfe,
to haue the charge alone
The contrey to dyspose and rule,
commaundyng euery one:
Yet markinge well oft tymes
the Ducheſſe beutye braue,
Can not cõmaund hys lust, the rule,
vpon hym selfe to haue.
Ye hath no force, to fyght
against his new desyre,
His flames do burne in broilig brest,
he fryes in secrete fyre,
The more he sekes alwayes
for to withstand his ill:
The poyson strong so much the more
dothe rage and rancle styll.
That whyle he stryueth so
the smoke for to suppresse:

In greater flames the furyous fyre
doth more and more increase,
Reason dothe bid him rule
his rage, and to obaye
In absence of the Duke,
as ought a subiect true alwaye,
But fancye doth enforce
his follye to fulfyll.
So battayle in his brest begynnes,
betwext his wit and will,
But reason at the laste
is fayne to flye the fyeld.
His sences all subdued, is
constrayned for to yeld
Unto a Fortresse vyle,
he can resyste nomore.
But now with shame dothe seke the
for to recure his lore. (salue
So that he doth forget
him selfe so muche, that he
Thearof doth make no conscience
to offer seruice free.
Unto the Duchesse: which
had vowd alwayes to lyue
Upryghtly. And therfore to him
a warnynge she doth gyue:
That from thencefurthe he be
aduysed better in

His

His cause, before he do presume
so bouldlye to begin
Unto vnlawfull loue,
A Pryncesse for to moue.
¶ She byds him seeke abroade
Wheare ayhis matches bee:
To practise such conclusions
with them of his degree.
She chaufeth much that he
of her so light should deeme:
To thinke that then her honour shee
so lytle should esteeme.
And shame to him, shee saide
that lyued all that whyle:
And yet a dotinge fole, could not
subdue affections vyle.
The Countie *Pancalir*
when this he dothe perceaue.
Was sumwhat blanke, so for ẏ tyme
of her he takes hys leue.
Yet hoppynge still the best,
the fyrste denienge he
At womēs mouthes doth knowe right
but words of course to be. (well
Wherfore wyth higher style,
he moues his cause agayne
Another tyme: when that at large
he pleades his case more playne.

Deſyringe her to take
  ſum pitie on his greyfe,
Or els he can not longe ſuſtayne,
  to lead his lothſum lyfe.
He ſayth, his ſences fayle,
  his meate doth not diſgeſt:
His faynting lymmes haue loſt their force
  his bodie takes no reſt.
For lone of her alone
  and addeth thearunto,
That all his lymbes haue now forgot
  theyr dutyes for to do.
As he dothe thus a whyle
  his wofull caſe bewaile:
She aſketh if his wittes alwith
  his ſences do not fayle:
A ſtronger ſalue ſhe ſekes
  for his increaſynge ill.
Sith ẏ her warning would not ſerue
  but he continews ſtill,
Ẏ is ſyege: by hard Aſſault
  to make a breache within
Her honoure: Of her chaſtitie,
  the fort full ſtronge, to winne.
Countie, ſhe ſaith We thinke
  the warninge which before
I gaue: myght haue perſwaded you
  to trouble me nomore,

These enter pryses rathe,
and will you styll pursue:
For getting how my lorde, the duke
hath heare aduaunced you.
Is this the Guerdon meate
which you to him restore?
And dyd he make you his
Lieuetenant now therfore,
That you vppon his bed
the rule also should take?
Is this the right discharge, which you
of that same credyt make.
Is this (I praye.) thallegeance due,
Or seruyce of a subiect true?
¶ I promyse you, that if
you will not thus forgoe
These follyes. I will see that you
shalbe corrected so,
That subiectes from hence furthe
and traytours false, they shall
Therby eraple take. And thus
you maye be warnd for all.
What confydence (I praye)
myght make you now so bould:
That you to me so harolye
so traytrous mynd vnfould:
War wyser from hence furthe,
to make your matche alwaye.

I am your princesse whom you ought
to honour and obaye:
The Countie skooled thus:
that lesson in his brayne
Imprinted is so well, that it
will neuer out agayne.
Disdaining much of her
to be refused so,
And countinge that the Duke therof
at his retourne should know,
His loue to deadlie spyte
is changed. He alwaye
Inuenteth sundrie meanes to bringe
the Ducheesse to decaye.
And as he tosseth so
his mischeife in his mynd:
A polecye for him at last,
the Dyuells grace doth fynd.
He had a Nephue then,
not full nyntene years ould,
One of the brauest gentlemen,
In *Thurin* to behould
The Countye hauynge then
no childzen: he dyd take
This for his owne, and after him
his onelye heyze to make
So on a time to him
my Nephue he doth saye.

Thou

Thou knowest how that but me thou
no other helpe or staye. (hast
And therfore for because,
that God hath geuen to me
No lawfull Issue now, myne heyre
I haue appoynted thee,
If thou canst haue the grace
to folow so my mynd :
Especiallye in thinges which you
may for your profyt fynde.
The ould vnlustie Duke
is now from home afarre,
And manie chaunginge chaunces still
do happen in the warre.
If he should chaunce to dye,
as doubtfull is his lyfe,
Tis possyble that you myght get
the Ducheſſe to your wife.
And so. God knowes how great
Aduauncement it myght be
To the. And ẏ wer wonne with eaſe
(as it appeares to me)
If that bearein, you would
my counsell well obey.
Thoughe to the poynt of maryage,
it maye not com strayght waye,
Yet sure, you shall not fayle
a frend of her therby.

To haue. By many sundrye thinges
ere this, I did espie:
She bare thee much good will
and neuer durste before
Let it besene. Wherfore do thou
styche stoutlye euermore
Yeat to. And take the hap,
whatsoeuer it do cost:
Do what you can to please her styll
it is no labour lost.
Seke all the meanes ye maye,
To serue her euery waye.
¶ And tyme shall teache you well
at last, the same to see:
Which youth e want of skill till now
hath bid alwayes from the.
This symple youthe beleues
his oncles wretched wyles.
The craftye Fowlers pype full sone
the selye byrde beguyles,
Ye thinkes that all is Gould
that glystreth to the eye.
The Tutchstone of experyence
he wantes the same to trye,
Ye dothe begin: about
the Duchesse, for to be
Alwaies. And shamfastlie by sygnes,
he mours her so to see:

Now

How he with willynge mynde
To serue her was enclynde.
¶ Whice when he had obserued,
a monthe or twayne lyke wyse:
The gentle Ducheſſe at the laſt
his oylygense eſpyes,
And honeſte seruyce whyche
wyth earneſt zeale, he had
Done her of late. And so therfore
the Ducheſſe, she was glad
To fauoure hym the more,
prefarrynge hym aboue
The other pages. And therto
his comlye grace doth moue
The more. Of wantonnes
proceaded not her loue.
For his good seruice don to her:
She dyd hym onelye so preferre.
¶ But now the vncle falſe
none other thinge dothe he:
But longeth of the Ducheſſe ayll
auenged for to be.
And thynkynge now for all,
at double or quyte to playe:
He calles his Nephue once agayne,
and in this sorte doth saye.
I see, that now thou art
the hapieſte man alyue:

If you can take the lucky lot,
as fortune doth it geue,
Not onelye great good will,
the Ducheſſe beares to the:
But now with feruent loue, to ſyght
conſumed much is ſhe.
But wemen, (as ye ſee)
They ſumwhat ſhamfaſt be.
¶ They loue to be deſyred
in ſecret place alwaie.
A certaine force doth pleaſe thē well.
as thoughe conſtrayned they
Do yeald, and graunt to that
whyche they ryght glad and fayne
Would offer: If a lytell ſhame
dyd them not ſtill reſtraine.
Be hardie then ſayth he,
this to beleue thearfore.
For I haue proued and found it true,
ryght often heare to fore,
And that before this time
tomorowe, thou ſhalt ſaie,
Thy ſelfe to be the happieſt man,
that lyues on earth this daye.
And thearfore now I would
ſumtime, ye ſhould eſpye,
Vnto the Ducheſſe chamber ſoone,
to goe ryght priuely.

Vnder

Vnder her bed also,
thy selfe thear must thou hyde,
Tyll after mydnight past an howze
at least still to abyde.
And when she dothe begyn
in depest sleape to fall:
From vnderneath the bed,
aryse furthwith you shall,
And brauely commynge to
her bed, you shall declare
That loue dyd cause your comminge (theare
& tell her who you are.
So be you sure of thys
what for her feruent loue,
And absence of the Duke so longe:
both these lykewyse wyll moue
Her, then in foulded armes
Most louynglye tembrace
The sone, & chear thy hart with ioyes
of louers sweete solace
The sely youth beleues
his vncles wordes streyght waye
Supposinge that the Ducheſſe might
perswade him so to say.
Him selfe dyd thinke no hurte
and therfore doubtes no yll,
And so his vncles traytrous mynd
furthwyth he doth fulfyll.

For

For then the Countye was
obayed as a kynge,
And honoured euen as the Duke
him selfe in euerye thinge.
Before that mydnyght came.
the traytour false in doubt,
Lest that his shamfull bylanye
myght be espyed out,
Thre of the counsell, with
sum of the garde also
Ye takes, and to the chamber of
the Ducheſſe streyght doth goe.
Wheare knockynge at the doze,
he willeth then to saye,
The Duke was cum and so, the doze
was opened wyde straight waye.
With naked swerd in hand
the Countye rushethe in,
And ragynge lyke a man out of
his wittes he doth begin
To pray on euerye syde,
the chamber rounde about.
And so, from vnderneath the bed
at last he pluckethe out
His Nephue all amasd,
and tremblinge then for feare:
Lyke as the lambe which yet alyue
the rauenynge wolfe doth teare.

To

To whom denyeng power
one word at last to saye:
Yee thrustes him through ỹ throt &
w̃ dobled stripe, streght way (thẽ
Ye strykes hym in the brest,
that he myght quyckely lose
His breath, & be without the power,
his treason to desclose.
And now poore innocent,
vpõ the ground he lyes
His limmes being stiffe, his striuing
dothe yeald to destinyes. (lyfe
¶ His blade with blood embrewe,
the Countye putteth in
His sheath againe. And thus dothe to
the counsellers begyn.
My frendes (sayth he) this same
was not fyrste tyme, that I
The wanton and vnhoneſt loue
betwens them dyd espye.
But now at last, I found
a tyme the truth to trye,
But yet this gloton heare, I made
to fayre a death to dye.
For his desert requyres,
by rygour of the lawe:
That horses wyld, in quarters shold,
his traytrous bodye drawe.

As

As for my Ladye heare,
the Ducheſſe, at this tyme
I leaue. I can no punyſhment
determyne for her cryme.
You know the cuſtomes ould
of Sauoye, do requyre:
That Ladyes of adulterye
conuicted ſhould in fyre
Be burnyd quycke, if they
Within a yeare and daye,
¶ Fynd not a Champion, which
in theyr behalfe will fyght
The Combate: by his force in feyld
for to defend their ryght.
But for the allegeance of
my dutye, which I owe
Vnto my Lorde the Duke, I wyll
by letters let him knowe
Heareof. And ſo, the while,
the Ducheſſ ſhall remayne
Within her chaumber cloſe, & haue
with her one mayde or twayne.
¶ The Ducheſſe knowes her ſelfe
now faultles for to be.
And is in minde, amaſed muche
ſo great outrage to ſee.
But well the treaſon of
The Countye ſhe eſpyes.

And

And lokynge on her pages corps
with piteous wepynge eyes,
Wyth sygheng sundrye tymes,
O gyltles soule (saith she)
Which heare this lyuseles corse hast
now thou dost playnlie see. (left
The wyckednes of hym,
Which made the thus to dye.
And hauinge made an end vnto
her mone, and mornefull crye
She wringes her armes for woe
and doth desyre: that they
Would let the corse in semlye graue
be buryed strayght waye.
For he hath not deserued,
to hange on gibet hye:
And to be meat for bestes, or byrdes,
which in the ayre do flye.
She sayth. And so her mynde,
the counsellers fullfyll,
Misdeaming in theyr mindes ỹ more
because that she did still.
Excuse the giltles page
of that offence alwaie,
And for to purge her selfe
nothing at all doth saie,
The wofull chaunce full sone
is blowne about the cyttie.

And

And of the gentle Ducheſſe, then
not one but taketh pytye,
Exept the Countie fyerce,
in myſchefe hardned ſo:
That he could neuer bend, but ſtyll
is worſkinge of her woe,
Fame with theſe newes continually
Full faſt, alwayes doth further flye
¶ Suche murmuring amonge
the people doth aryſe,
As though the towne weare then ſub
to ſpoyle of ennemies. (deud
And many of them wolde
with ryght good will, agree
That on them and theyr children the
her punyſhment ſhould bee:
On thys condycyon that,
the Ducheſſe myght go free.
The County *Pancalier*
dyd nothing all this daye,
But made the accuſacyons fayne
that all the councell maye,
Set to theyr ſeales furthwyth,
all whych in order done,
He ſendes two poſtes in haſt therw̄,
and into England one,
To ſhew the kynge her brother,
And to the Duke the other.

Is gon.

Is gon. And both theyr charge
full soone presented haue,
The brother, and the husband both,
they easelye credyte gaue
Thearto. And cheyfly they
perswaded are thearby:
Because the Uncle so had made
hys Nephew for to dye.
Whych should haue borne his heyre,
without some haynous misse.
And so the Countie his faithfulnes
they much commend in this:
That to his blood he dyd
no whyt forgeue or spare,
To testefye the faythfulnes
that to his prynce he bare.
So fynely for a tyme,
Hys crafte did cloke the cryme.
¶ Though suche offence a whyle
may vnder ashes lye,
Yet treason wil sumtime be knowne
and time the trueth shall try.
What worser foe, then he
whych euer doth deceyue,
Pretendyng frendshyp, so that one
may hardly hym perceyue,
Thys traytrous tyrant heare,
appearinge for to be.

A Iudge moſt iuſt in miſcheyfe nolwe
commended muche is he,
It is the moſt pernycyous ill:
In vertues ſhape deceauyng ſtyll.
¶ The kynges of England, and
of Fraunce, at laſt agree,
In fauour of the Duke: the lawe
and cuſtome kepte ſhalbee
Vppon the Ducheſſe iuſt,
to the ende all Ladyes might
Example take thearby, whiche ought
to ſhyne lyke lampes of lyght
In vertues fayre, to others:
vnlawfull luſtes to leaue.
And by hys poſt agayne, that tyme,
the Countie doth receaue
A ryche and coſtly ſwerd,
and harneys excellent:
Whyche hym to gratyfye wythall,
the kynge of England ſent.
The Duke of Sauoye ſtayes
hys poſt a whyle, becauſe
The matter toucheth him ſo neare:
he takes the longer pauſe.
But at the laſt, he is
reſolued here vnto,
He wrytes vnto his councell that
on payne of lyfe: they do

Kyght

Ryght ſtreightly execute
the ſtatutes on his wyfe,
As her offence requyred then,
and not to ſpare her lyfe.
And to the Countie he
beſydes, both letters ſende,
His truth well tryed, & ſeruice good
he highlye doth commende.
And ꝓmyſeth to hym
due recompence to make.
The poſt aryued, the letters to
the counſell ſoone doth take.
And ſo: (the letter red)
they do forthwith agree
Accordynge to the cuſtome oulde:
a pyller theare ſhalbee
Of marble ſtone, ſet vp
within a feild thereby,
Whereon the accuſacion, muſt
be wrytten formallye:
Whiche when the Ducheſſe heares,
hauynge no companye
But with one Damſell yonge, & eke
her mayden *Emelye*:
All comfortleſſe, wyth greife
on euery ſyde oppreſſe,
As frãticke, rentes her goulde heare
and beating on her breſts

With mortall syghes, shee doth
her luckleſſe lot bewaile:
So that for ſorowe ſo extreme,
her ſpeache a while dyd fayle,
She ceaſed not of longe
her ſelfe for to torment,
the teares apace, ran downe her face.
her maydens to lament.
Her pyteous carefull caſe,
and euer (as they maye)
They do deſyre her, that she wolde
take pacience alwaye.
And so at laſte, she lyftes
her ioyned handes on hie:
Deſyrynge God to looke vpon,
her, in that miſerie.
With many prayers, she
deſyreth him to ſende
Some helpe her innocencye ſo
forthwith for to defende.
That she by ſuch releiſe
her harte reuyued ſo:
May be releaſed of her greiſe,
tryumphing of her foe.
Now wofull *Emblin*, which
the daunger great doth ſee,
And knowynge then aſſuredlye
her grittleſſe for to bee.

By wonted polycye
for her thee did prouyde,
And saieng, Madame neade requires
to laye your teares aſyde,
And not to ſpend the tyme,
with childiſhe weppynge now:
All which can not amend your ill.
me thynkes it beſt for you
Some comforte here to take.
and be of better cheare:
The sheyld of pacyence alwayes
againſt your foe to beare.
And now w̄ speade, sum kind of waie
To helpe your neade, let vs aſſaie.
¶ Now ſerche within your minde,
Draw all your wits heare to.
The ſhifte whiche one could not out
we all may chaunce to do. (find
This daunger may perſwade
you corage for to take.
Now let vs ſee, what shyfte all wee
at ſuch a pynch can make.
Aſſaie, if you can finde
the meanes, furthwith to sende
Good maiſter *Appian*, in haſte
to goe, vnto your friend
The Lord *Mandozze*: whoſe,
ſo much renowmed fame

for force, aboue all knights of spaine.
  announced is his name.
And therfore I would wyshe
  you for to wryte a letter
To him, in louing wordes, that hee,
  may lyke of it the better.
For I knowe no man sure,
  that would aduenture nowe
His life so straungelye: if that hee,
  do not so much for you,
Considering, the prowes of
  the Countie so is knowne:
Y sondig trump of fame, with praise
  his name abroade hath blowne.
You wotte, how that he is
  reported for to be,
Most valyant and couragious knight
  in Sauoye. Who but hee?
The Dochelle then, doth bid
  her doe euen as shee will.
For I (sayth shee) am comfortlesse,
  and hardned in myne ill.
To lyue or dye, to me,
  the choyse dothe seme alone:
Sithe euery waye, my honours thus
  for euer more is gone,
How euer it be, no bote I see
  Both ills do come alyke to mee.

¶ Madame,

¶ Madame, saythe *Emelye*
let God therfore prouyde.
And let vs handle this so well,
that we be not espyed.
So Inke and paper, she
furthwyth to her doth brynge,
And sayth madame, let not your hart
fayle you in any thynge.
The Duchesse drawes aslyde,
perusynge in her spryght
The longe discourse of all the loue,
betweene her and the knyght.
To whom in fourme, as followeth,
her letter she dyd wryte.

The letter of the Duchesse, to Lord Mandozze.

¶ My Lord *Mandozze*, I
wryte not on hope to haue
Suche remedye by this: that you,
m selfe lyke myght saue.
Nor feare of dreadfull deathe,
dothe moue me heare vnto,
The zeale of my good will to you,
doth make me thus to do.
The sorowes sonke within
my heauye harte, do now
Compell me to declare
my carefull case to you.
Thys stile so rude perchaunce
at fyrste, may make you muse

From whence the letters cum, but if
it pleaſe you to peruſe
The ſame you ſhall perceiue
how that your loning friend:
(If you vouchſafe poze frēds to haue)
thys greetyng now doth ſend.
The ſame whych you ſumtime,
a pzinceſſe glad did ſee:
A pziſoner to ſhameful death
condemned foz to bee,
Yon ſcantly will beleue,
but yet I feele it ſo.
Though you(perchaunce) may much diſdaine
a captyue foz to kno.
With ſuch leſſe ſtarres enfozce,
and God he doth permit
Thys ſame to be: ſith Fozture now
conſenteth vnto it,
Contented, I muſt take
good cozage vnto me,
Knowynge the graue, a foztreſſe and
a caſtell ſtronge to be,
Wherearas agaynſt ſuch harde
aſſaultes, we ſaufely may
Take reſt, and yet from foztūes fozce
defende our ſelues alwaye,
Wherfozе with fyxed eyes,
I do beholde the graue.

Alwayes

Alwayes the onely hope for helpe,
and comforte that I haue,
Thys onely fault, I do
in this my death espye:
That by the treason of my foe,
I am condemde to dye.
And therfore thoughe theat by
desert I can not craue
Eum grace of you, though I can loke
no helpe of you to haue:
Yet will I now present
before your eyes, how I
Forsoke my contrey, whear so longe
I lyued dayntelye
In honour great, and ease,
to put my selfe vnto
So many perylls, as but fewe
of myne estate would doe,
Chaungyng my life which I,
before that tyme had styll
Enioyed in happy quietnes,
with pleasures at my wyll,
To take on me the attyre,
a Pylgryme pyld to be,
Wy hyls and dales, on foote to goe,
the wayes vnknowne to me,
For passynge fervent loue,
which I dyd beare to you,

Whom thē I had not sene, wherfoze
me thinkes these same, may now
Pour conscyence assault
so soze: that thys may make
Pour gentell harte, on my ill lucke
sume pitie foz to take,
Foz I, not onelie in
a paynfull pzison lye,
But to a cruell Tyzantes power,
a subiect nowe am I.
And mezе then that, eche howze,
in daunger foz to lose
My lyfe, which I full sone to do
with all my hart wolde chose:
Wherto I had my selfe,
aduaunced longe agoe,
(To haue rested in another lyfe.)
saue that by doynge so,
I shonld myne honour lose,
and leaue vnto my name
An herytage of infamye,
foz to dyscend with shame.
And therfoze syth that loue
Doth beare wyth it no pryce,
Noz can not pay it selfe, except
the trybute do aryse
From other loue: yet paye
the auncyent frutes most due

Vnto

Unto my loue: so shall I saye,
I found your promyse true.
So shall you paye, the dyze
Which frendshyp doth require.
¶ And sythe, to Paradyse
that pytie is the gate:
Behould a wofull Pryncesse now,
a wzetche most desolate,
Which looks foz nothinge els
But latest destenie,
Foz to be burnd as selye lambe
pzepard to sacrifyce.
And that I thinke, you would,
be very lothe to see:
Oz els dessembling wozdes, ere this
haue muche beguyled me:
The rest, this bearer now,
by wozde of mouth maye tell:
Whom as my selfe you maie be bold
foz to beleue him well.
And so accownt of him
in euerye case I praie.
And sauselye, vnto him commit,
your counsells styll you maie,
(Yf it shall pleale you so)
and thus I make an end,
Desiringe God good life to you,
to me, fayze dethe to send.

The

The letter sealed vp,
sayze Emelie doth take
It sone. And willeth Appian
all speade thearwith to make.
And to thintent he should
consider that the better:
A dosen kisses sweete also,
she geues him with the letter,
And neade inoughe. For he
poore soule was thronke alwaye
For thought, she gaue hi not so much
before then, manie a daie,
Well cheared vp is he,
moze glader muche he is,
Then if an hundzeth pounds of coine
be had in place of this.
Within his face, againe
appeareth liuelie blood.
The blessed lyps of Emelye
had done him so great good,
That his purgacions
and paltrye physike, suche:
For his disease, by twenty partes
could not auayle as muche.
He trotteth now, about
his busines by and by.
He prattleth to hym selfe apace,
as pleasant as a Pye.

And

And sondry notes he tuneth to
the name of *Emelye*.
He passeth not a whyt,
in anie place to goe:
Sith that his mysterysse, he may get
out of a prison so.
He was so glad and fayne,
her hest for ot obaye:
That he to trauaile ceased not,
as well by night, as daie,
Till that aryued in Spayne,
neare to the place wheare he
Did knowe the Lord *Mandozze* erst
was wonte most times to be.
So theare, he askes his host
both how, and in what place
That Lord was thē. which tould him
he was in very ill case (how
As any knyght mygth be,
Fyr why: of late (saith he)
¶ Hys auncient ennemies
Tolledoes, whom before
In euerie skirmishe, he was wonte
to vanquishe euermore:
With such an armye, they
are entred on his lande:
That Lord *Mandozze* was to weake
theyr force for to withstande.

For

For once discomfayted,
his souldiers fled awaye
Vnto a litle towne, which is
beseiged at this daie.
And there him self w̄ much hard paine
His enmies might doth yet sustaine.
¶ Sir *Appian* then, doth take
a guide to leade the waye,
Which bringeth him so neare ẏ campe
that well the towne be maye
Descrye. So backe a gaine
the guide furthwith be sent:
And sone also him selfe vnto
a captaine doth present.
Receaued then he is
a souldier for to be.
Now *Appian* was wise enoughe,
as sone as he doth see,
That they to skyrmishe did begin,
Amōgest the thickest he thrusteth in.
¶ That he a prisoner
being toke, was led awaye,
Into het towne. and so,
the souldyers he doth praie:
That streyght vnto theyr cheife,
the Lord *Mandozze*, he
Might then be led. And so as sone,
as him the Lord doth see

Ye

He knowes him well enoughe,
  synce he in Spaine befoze,
Had with the Ducheſſe bene, as of
  her counſell euer moze.
But vnderſtandinge of
  the meanes, whearby into
The towne he came, he did perceyue.
  a great good will to do,
His ſeruice true: beare in,
  his miſtereſſe to obaye,
Which durſt his life to hallard ſo,
  as he had done that daye.
The Ducheſſe letter then,
  fyz *Appian* doth delyuer:
The Lozd goes to his chãber ſtreight
  and calleth *Appian* thither.
When he had red it all:
  he willeth him ſtreight waye,
To tell his charge. So *Appian*, in
  this ſozte beginnes to ſaye.
The Ducheſſe at this time
  thunhapieſt Ladie aliue,
To your good graces euermoze,
  Her ſelfe dothe wholye geue.
And humblye you requyzes,
  not fozto take it ill,
That ſhe from *Galyce* did depart,
  and could not fyzſt fulfyll,

Der

Her promyse made to you, that shee
At her returne your house would see,
¶ Desyrynge you vppon,
the Duke to laye the blame,
Whose haste vnportunate, that time
did only cause the same
Howbeit her hart (I knowe)
with you remayned still,
Though fortune did not serue so wel:
theare wanted no good will.
Shee was constrayned to obaye:
Agaynst her mynde to go awaye.
To testifie, the truth he speakes:
The teares apace fall downe his che-
¶ And thē, doth shew ẏ loues (akes
of countie *Pancalier*:
How that forspite, when he could not
obtayne his vyle desyre,
Under her bed did get
his Nephue for to lie,
Whom so, with his owne handes, he
enforced for to dye. (hath
In prosses of his tale,
hee dooth declare at laste:
Then prysonment, and hard decree,
agaynst the Duches past,
The Lorde *Mandozze* nowe
conceyueth very ill

Oppinnion

Opinyon of the Ducheſſe, which
he did dyſſemble ſtyll,
Before ſyr *Appian*
To whom, my freind (ſaith he)
If that my fortune did not ſpeake
thys tyme, enough for me,
I nlonge deſcourſe I wolde
furthwith declare to you,
The wofull myſeryes, with which
I am oppreſſed now.
So that, I am ſo much
vnable for to ayde
The Ducheſſe: ỳ my ſelfe eche houre
of death may be afrayde.
And now (ye ſee) the force,
and power that I haue:
Is all to lytle heare my men
and goodes from ſpoyle to ſaue.
As for myne owne, I am
ſo ſorye for her woe:
That nothinge can I doe heare in,
I pray you tell her ſo.
Wyth comendatyons ſuch,
as harte can beſt deuyſe.
Vnluckye fortune to vs bothe,
thys lot at once lykewiſe
Hath geuen, that as we dyd
in ioyfull myndes agree:

So with like cause of care, we now
together captyues be.
So, we with time, be turned thus:
When fortune lyst to play wyth vs.
¶ And so, a shrymyshe great,
hee makes wythout delaye
Vppon his foes: that *Appian*
myght saufelye go his waie.
The whylst. He is escaped so.
And home w̄ heauie cheare doth goe.
¶ But beinge wise, and did
Mandozze his daunger see.
Thought his excuse alowable,
on reason good to bee.
So when to Thurin he
is come: to *Emelye*
He telleth all. And she vnto
the Duchesse by and by
Goes in and sayth, madame
God make you stedfast styll
In trouble. For yr *Appian*
hath brought you tidinges ill,
And so thunfortunate
Mandozze, and his case
She shewes, and how from him at all
theare is no hope of grace.
When that the Duchesse heard,
the state that he was in:

Druthfull cheare, that she did beare,
her colour did begine
To faile. And she furthwith
vnto her selfe doth saie.
O most vnhappy accursed wretche,
of all that liue this daie,
For soke on euery syde,
thou nedest not to doubt.
But now, the lighte of this thy life
beginneth to goe out.
Now doth drawe on, sithe that
no fauoure I can fynde:
Wheras I thought my succour sure,
ahlas, ah knight vnkind.
Now all to late I lothe
my lust: which into Spayne,
Did driue me ouer hyls and dales,
with labour lost in vaine.
Now haue I cause for to
repent me of my payne.
But let it passe. Beinge done, it can
not be to do againe.
Now now at last I knowe,
the loue and great good will
Which I did beare to thee: it was
begynnynge of myne ill.
And God, not Fortune hath
prouided this for me,

An Hypocrite. For fayned helw
a fyt rewarde to be,
Then *Emelye* in doubte
leſt ſhe ſhould vſe ſum rage
Vpon her ſelfe, doth ſaye that ſhe
which is a princeſſe ſage
Should not take on, her ſelfe
ſo ſtrangelye to torment,
Conſyderinge that afflyctions
from heauen to vs are ſent,
To proue our pacyence alwayes
if we can be content,
For to confeſſe vs worthye of
a greater punyſhment.
You know, that ſum theare be
that neuer lyued in ioye:
By theyr example you maye learne
to ſuffer ſume anoye.
For certaynly, (we ſee)
ſuch greyfes, and troubles are
The tokens true, which do the loue
of God to vs declare,
For whom he ſuffereth
in ſynnes vnponyſht ſtyll:
The Lord hath left, an turnd hym
loſe, vnto hys owne will.
The croſſe of Chriſte, we ſhould
ryght gladly beare therfore.

Exhortacion to pacience: by the Tranſlator

Our

Our paynes weare due to our deſert
if they weare ten tymes moze.
Weare this therfoze I prayе:
referringe all vnto
The Lozd. Alas, the Ducheſſe ſayth,
how well the healthy, doe
Geue counſell to the ſycke,
if you dyd feele my ſoze,
Then woldſt with me complaine &
on ſozowes euermoze. (crye:
And therfoze, leue me now
foz to bewaile my woe.
My harte oppreſt, with burden great
it may be eaſed ſo.
Though I right gladly now,
dyſſemble this my paine:
Yet cloude ſmokie of burning ſighes
wolde quicklye me conſtrayne
To breathe into the ayze
my ſmouldring ſozowes ſo,
To eaſe the painfull payſe of care,
to voide my breſt of woe.
That comfozte do I ſee,
in mydſt of myſerye
Remayninge onely vnto me:
laſt eaſe befoze I dye.
My hart full fraight wyth feare,
is lyke to burſte in twaine.

Adump: by the Translatnor

My force doth faile, my sences quaile,
by payne of pinchinge paine.
O ground gape thou on wyde,
my selie soule receaue,
Syth in dystresse, all comfortlesse
Now me my frynde doth leaue,
O gentle death come now,
refuse not her to take,
whom euerye one ahlas: a wretche,
doth vtterlye forsake.
What hope of helpe haue I,
When that my frend doth me denie.
¶ O *Lachisis* leue now,
to spyn my farall thred,
Wheat by my life prolonged is.
tys tyme the same to shred
From clewe to bygge dispatche
o dolefull destenies,
Make hast, that this your stint weare
shut vp my wofull eyes. (done
You mournefull damned spryghtes
and Furies systers sad,
Cum sit wt me, my mates most meet
in wofell weades iclad.
Singe to my mourning songe,
with dreadlull shrekinge crye,
Syth giltlesse I condemned am
a shamefull deathe to dye.

But

But now the Ducheſſe in
her dumpes, we leaue alone,
In ſondry ragynge fyts as ſhe
continueth in her mone
Tyll time may weare her woe
and qualifye her greyfe,
Or god which doth the trueth well
ſhall ſend her ſum releife. (know
Mandozze now, this whyle
reſtes not by nyght or daye:
But thinketh on the Ducheſſe and
her woefull caſe alwaye.
At laſt him ſelfe dothe ſee,
that hee vnworthy weare:
The worſhip of a knight to haue
or noble armes to beare:
If he for feare, to helpe
the afflycted ſhoulde denie,
Eſpecyalye ſuch Ladye fayre
whoſe force alone dothe lye
In teares, theyr wretchednes
alwaies to wepe and wayle,
And with him ſelfe by thys, at laſt
ſo much he doth preuaile.
That he diſheryted,
to dye wolude rather chooſe
In honour, then to liue longe tyme
and his good name to looſe

For want of corage, so
remembringe with the same
How that in hys prosperitie
to hym the Duchesse came.
How can I now (sayth he)
forsake her in her woe?
Ten deathes to dye, more lefe had I
then once to fayle her so.
Thus, sone he order geues
for all thinges needfull to
Defence of such a towne. And doth
furthwith to Thurin goe,
With horse and harnesse good:
as anye man myght neade.
And so arryued at Thurin, he
enquyred theare with speade,
If anye Spanyardes be
in towne. And so he heares
But of one olde religious man,
which theare this twenty yeares
Had ben. An holie man,
and eke beloued well,
Of all the Cytezens. Which then
without the towne did dwell
Alone, in cottage lowe,
that he might so eschew,
The loue & lust of worldly thinges,
his flesh for to subdew.

Suche

Such is relygious lyfe,
  he lyued not in eafe,
Lyke epycures in houfes bye
  fuch places as myght pleafe
A Prince ryght well: as they
  which fumpteouflye did fare
And lyue in reft, neade who fo lyft,
  they take no kynd of care.
The myghtie God doth fee,
  theyr lothfome luftes at laft:
And Baals preftes prophane he doth
  from out his temple caft.
But now the Spanyfhe knyght
  hath learned the neareft waye,
Vnto the ould fathers houfe, to whō
  (good man) he fyrft doth faye.
I am a Spanyard borne,
  and cum this countrey into,
For certaine my affayres: wherfore
  I praye, thus much to doe
On charitie as, heare
  to let me lodge with you
Thefe thre or els foure daies at moft
  defyringe nothinge now
But lodginge at your hand.
  my ſeruaunt which you fee,
All other my neceſſities.
  He maye provide for me.

The good ould man at fyrſt,
  dyd gladlye graunt him this:
And maſyng at his ſemelie ſhape:
  when that his ſeruaunt is
Gone furthe into the towne to bye
Such thinges as ſhould theyr neade
¶ He asketh him his name, (ſuply
  and of what ſhire in ſpayne
He is. All which the gentle knight
  to him confeſſeth plaine,
The good ould man with teares,
  that faſt fall from his face
Doth saie. O God I geue the thankes
  which haſt geuen me the grace,
In this mine ould age, now
  to ſee before I die.
Within my houſe ſo great a Lord,
  whoſe ſeruaunt poore am I.
And ſo this father ouldo,
  in longe diſcourſe doth tell
Of many matters paſt. And how
  he knew his grandſyre weil.
And further him he doth
  deſyre, as boutolye theare.
For to cõmaund his houſe, as thoughe
  within his owne he weare.
So then *Mandozze* tells
  how that he came from Spayne,

Entendinge

Entendinge into France to goe,
a while theare to remaine,
And how that passinge furthe
by, Liouus, he did heare,
Thill foꝛtune of the Ducheſſe. whom
if that he wyſt ſhe weare
Ungiltie of the cryme,
he ſaith, he wold defend
Her right. Oꝛ thearin euery dꝛop
of his hart blood to ſpend.
But in no wiſe he wold
aduenture anye time
His lyfe, and ſoule, foꝛ to defend
an other bodies crime,
All which the good ould man,
then lyked verie well:
And ſaithe, my loꝛd I thinke it ſure,
no one alyue can tell
The truth hearem, except
the Ducheſſe pooꝛe, and he
Which hath accuſed her. But ſure,
as farre as we could ſee,
She hath bene euermoꝛe
a Pꝛinceſſe good and iuſt.
But foꝛ the Countie *Pancalyer*,
which by our couſtom muſt
Appꝛoue the ſame by fyght:
(beleue me if you luſt)

But

But ſure methinkes you are
to younge his force to abyde,
His manlike might & courage ſtout
hath often tymes ben tryed.
Of all men heare, he is
eſtemed for to be
Moſt hardye and redoubted knyght,
that is in Lomberdye.
But yet the victorie,
in God his handes doth reſt.
And that he wyll diſpoſe alwaies
as it ſhall pleaſe him beſt.
Euen as by Dauid it
appeareth verye plaine:
Which then a boye Goliah great,
the Giant fearce hath ſlaine.
The knight doth anſwere him,
a waie I haue found out,
To ſatiſfye my conſcience,
and to diſſolue my doubt.
But I heare to, ſmall good can doe,
wherfore I muſt heare in
Be bould to craue, ſome ayde to haue
of you eare I begin.
Under the colour to
confeſſe the Ducheſſe: I
The truth maie know, and ſo if you
thinke good, imediatly:

I will be polde, and haue
my beard cleane cut a waie,
And get me garmentes like to yours
for so me thinkes we maie
Be suffred sone vnto
The Ducheſſe for to goe.
¶I thinke we ſhould haue lycence,
(ſith that the time drawes neare)
To recite her ſtyll with pacience,
her troubles for to beare,
The good ould father glad,
to him doth then agre
As well for zeale, as reuerence
to his nobylitie.
And ſo prouiſion made
for all thinges fit thearto:
Like freirs, to the caſtell of
the Ducheſſe ſtreight they goe.
Ye that the noble knight
attyred ſo ſhould ſee:
Would ſkantlie then haue taken him
ſo great a Lorde to be.
What with the ieſtures fitt,
which he ſo well could faine,
And greyſe for wars at home, al with
the Ducheſſe woes againe,
Made him to looke more like
a Pylgrim porely ſed.

Which

Which lyke S. Iohn in wyldernes
his lyfe alone had lead,
Then anie lustie Lord,
when to the Castell they
Weare cum the good ould man vnto
the porter sone doth saye.
My masters, seing that
the time doth drawe so nye
Wherin the Duchesse as I heare
condemned is to dye.
We are come now therfore,
to exhort her patiently
To take her death, that she may gain
eternall lyfe therby.
They to her chamber are,
admytted to goe in.
And then *Mandozze*: frier layze,
to her doth thus begin.
The peace of God with you,
the Duchesse then doth saie.
Good father, why speake you of peace
and I in stryfe alwaie
Abyde, bereft of ioye,
gyltlesse condemnde to dye,
A shamfull cruell death also
to heape my myserye.
Mandozze then, which had
his youth in learning spent.

Madame

Madame saithe he, you knowe right
afflictions all be sent (well.
From God. Not come by chaunce,
no byrd is caught in net.
But by the prouidence of God,
which doth not it forget.
The Prophete *Amos* saith,
theare neuer chaunce the ill
Within the citie: but the same
the lord doth send it still.
And that by holye Job,
appeareth verie plaine:
On whom the deuell had no power
till he did leaue obtaine.
Of God. You must besure,
that tribulacions are
The tokens true which plainly doe
the elect flocke declare.
It shewes a certaine sygne
that God regardeth vs.
Read al the holy scriptures through,
and you shall fynde it thus,
To drinke in cup of his.
passion, he doth prepare
For them whom he doth loue, as such
as his electe dare.
Since that by Caim fyrst
Abell afflicted was:

And

And Isaake by Ismaell,
his brother in like case.
And Ioseph inste, whom his
owne brothers once did sell,
Loke on the Lordes elected flocke
children of Israell,
Whom vnder the *Aegiptyan* kynge
The Lord did vnto bondage bringe.
¶ And led them thence againe,
Through Seas in midst deuyded
To happy land at last. Which for
his people he prouyded.
Consider this also
the which saint Paule doth saie.
That if we had not hope in Christ,
but for this lyfe alwaye:
We myght account our selues
most wretched wightes to be.
The very beastes that feed on grasse
weare nothinge worse then we,
Our greife is small, to that
which Christ for vs dyd beare.
The myghty god which of the worlds
dyd make the goodlye spheare,
And all thearin, to whom
bothe heauen and earthe obayes,
Which fired starres in skies hath set
and are of heauens stayes:

Dyd

Did ſuffer to be called,
ſonne of a Carpenter:
A lyuelihe man, a glotton, and
of ſinners fauourer.
And falce ſeductour. Then
conſider heare vnto
That we myght better clothed be
how barely he did goe.
A pryſoner alſo,
he was content to bee:
That we from hel, & Sathans bands
for euer myght be free.
Hym ſelfe a ſacryfyce,
on alter of the croſſe
Was offered alſo, for to
repayre ould Adams loſſe.
Remember then that from
his griefe, proceades our ioye,
And frō his paynes, our perfect bliſſe,
the eaſe of our anoye.
The cauſe why he ſuſtained greefe:
Was certaynely for our releefe.
¶ Then we ſhoulde be aſhamed
ſo dayntye for to be:
A crowne of thornes to beare awhile
wherfore madame, (ſayth he)
Euen in the name of God,
take comfort nowe I praye.

Dispise this death, & arme your selfe
with pacience alway.
For God hath force full soone
the furie of your foe
To tame, for to suppresse his rage.
doth not the Lorde also
Regarde thafflicted flocke:
respect the people poore?
Ye whiche doth raise the fallen folke,
can you agayne restore
To greater ioye, and ease
then that, you had before.
The waylinge wretches woe
hee sees, with pitcing eye.
And heares the mournfull mone of them
that line in myserye.
Ye is the happie Hauen,
for hartes that be oppress:
The comfort to the comfortlesse,
the wearye bodies rest.
To them in darknes, he
doth giue the louelie light.
Repose your hope in him. Make him
your Champyon for to fight.
The persecuted poore,
(Saint Mathew sayth:) they bee
The blessed ones, which shal of heaue
the happie kyngdome see.

And

And with his godlie talke
when that the knight had done:
The Duchesse was so rauished
in contemplacion,
That then her soule, should seeme
to tast immediatlye
Of ioyes deuine, & would furthwyth
from out her bodie flye.
Shee feeles her selfe euen then
so be aledged so,
As one in daunger great of late
escaped had thearfro.
And then shee doth confesse
her mynde and nothinge leaue
Behinde, which she remembred then
her cosctience to greaue.
But then at last vnto
her accusation shee
Doth saye. I will not aske my God,
absolued for to bee,
For anie cryme in deede,
or thought: against the right
Of maryage, excepted this
that to a spanishe knight,
Once heretofore, (I wote)
I was affected so:
That fayning for deuocion,
to see him I did goe.

Wythout that euer he
had any thynge of mee:
Saue that good will alone, whearin
to him I did agree.
Whearfoze my God displeasd,
hath suffred nowe, I see,
These accusations false on me
so lewdye layde to be:
But seynge that it is his will.
I houlde my selfe contented still.
¶ When in this sozte, all her
confession was done:
A Diamond ryche from finger fayze,
she draweth of anon,
And sayth, fayze father I
a Pzynceße ryche haue bene
But all my goodes, and Iuels now
from me are taken cleane,
Saue this same rynge, the whiche
the kynge my brother gaue
Mee, at my maryage daye:
and foz because I haue
No other meanes to do
you good: I geue you this.
And kepe it wel, you know not what
the valewe of it is.
Perchaunce it maye releyse
your Couent at a neade.

The

The Kynge receyued is. And home
the Fryers trudge with speade.
When they weare paste the place
Mandozze by and by
With earnest gesture, then doth say,
good father I espy:
This woman poze, is nowe hearein
accused wzongfully.
The Coũty (Traitour vile) to shame
deserued hath to die.
And therfoze now, I am
determined to fyght,
Untill last breath of all my lyfe,
foz to defende her ryght.
I feele my selfe at harte,
to be attaynted so.
That longe me thinkes the time, tyll
the purpose I may go. (to
Wherfoze, if I do fayle
by foztune ill I pzaye,
After that I am slayne, let me
be knowen abzode straught ways
And let the Dutchesse heare
this heauye newes of me:
But if I skape aliue (whiche is
vnpossyble to be,)
But by the Coũtie hys death
then keape all my affayzes

In secret still And so that night
being spent in goolie prayers,
When daye so cleare had made
the darksome cloudes to flye:
And Horse full led with Amrosie
drewe *Phaebus* in the skye:
He makes him selfe to be
in Armour surely dyght,
And to the towne on Courser strong
furth rydes the valyant knyght.
And knockyng at the gate
with thundryng voyce doth saye
Unto a Porter my good freinde
I praye thee go thy waye,
To Countie *Pancalyer*,
and bid him to prepare,
Him selfe, for to maintaine the same
which he doth heare declare
Against the Duchesse iuste:
and that heare is a knight
Which will compell him to denye
the same, eare it be night.
And that I will cut of
that vile and trayterous tonge:
which durst pronoũce ẏ wordes to do
so noble a Princesse wronge.
Let him come out, him selfe
the better to acquite:

For

For of the traytour chuffe I thinke
it longe to haue a sighte.
I hope with beaue and bow
to be vppon his Jacke.
That he shall thinke, he beares
the diuell vpon his backe.
These newes are blowen about
the Citie by and by:
And all the paryshe churches full
of folkes, one might espye,
Which for their Ladie, now
to God on high do praye.
So whilst this amballage was done,
Mandozze rydes his waye,
On lustie fomynge steade
vnto the Piller wheare,
The accusation written was,
and so, abydeth theare
To see Thaccuser come.
but whē the Countie this doth kno
Remorse of conscience
doth pynche & pricke him so:
That in his mynde he did
endure such greuie payne,
That then repentyng him, he would
haue ben right glad and fayne,
The deede had ben vndone,
and dayntie for to fight.

He seketh still delayes, and fyrste
vnto the Spanishe knight,
He sendes a messenger.
of hym, to aske his name.
To whom *Mandozze* stoutly sayth,
he shall not knowe the same.
But sure for all the rest,
what power in hym doth lye,
He shall it know and fecle forthwith.
if then he lyste to trye.
The Iudges theare also,
affyrmed in the same:
How that their statutes do not bynde
him for to shew his name.
And further in the case,
the Lawyers all do saye:
How that thaccused partye ought
to see the fyght alwaye.
And reason yelde, not for
because theyr bookes so be:
But in *Fauorem vitæ* was
the cause of that decree.
Which when the Countie beares
althoughe he dyd dystrust
His parte: yet of necessitie
make manhode now he must.
And beinge vsed to
suche skirmishes before.

He

He armes him selfe forthwith
and feareth lesse therfore
And settynge vp his brystels then,
lyke as the forest Bore:
Unto thappoynted place
he comes, and theare doth see
His foe in Armoure blacke
well harnessed to be,
In sygne of combate then.
he semes alustie knyght.
And brauelye prauncyng vp & downe
he feareth not to fyght.
So then the Duchesse fayre
was sent for out of hand:
Whiche is not sorye sure inoughe
these newes to vnderstand.
Yet in her ioyfull mynd,
alwayes much museth shee,
Frō whēce thunhoped help doth cum,
or who that knyght should bee,
That then had promised
to do so muche for her.
So she is caryed to the feyld
within an horselytter,
Beyng couered with tylt
of Blacke. Accompanyed
With number great of Ladies fayre
and damsells by her syde,

Attired all in blacke.
they bryng her to the place
Whear as the people, & the knightes
dio tarie foz her grace.
Thus then shee mounted is
vppon a litle stage:
Streight waye the Judges which the
appointed weare to gage, (feild
Demaund of her sith that
she is accused by
The Countie *Pancalyer*, as gyl-
tie of adulterie,
And sith the custome is,
that you a champion maye
Prouide, bi fight, to proue your right
Within a yeare and daye,
Now saye you now thearfoze,
Madame, do you agree
By this same knight your innocence
approued nowe maye be?
Will you that on his force
alone your right shall lie?
If you by him wyll wage your lawe,
your fautlesse truth to trye,
Speake now what you thinke best,
And theare on shall the issue rest.
¶ The Duchesse answereth,
I do repose my ryght

In

In God which knowes the same, & in
the manhode of the knight.
To him my cause cõmit do I:
Indifferent to liue or dye.
¶ But tost in troubled mynde,
she thinketh sure that hee
A stranger neuer knowne to her:
sum captaine stoute should bee.
Vpon her knees she falles,
and lyfting vp her eyes:
O Lord that art on highe (saith she) *The*
in throne aboue the skies, *Prayer*
Thou knowest the truthe vntryed. *of the*
O Lorde maintaine my part. *duchesse*
Pleade thou my cause, for þ doest see *by the*
the secretes of my hart. *translat-*
No cloked craft so close, *tour.*
that anie man can hyde
But vnto thee discouered,
the same is well espied.
Let not this tyrant-fearce
which thirstes my blood to spill,
Triumphe on my simplicitie.
confound him in his will.
O Lorde which thy poore flocke,
from Wolues defendest still:
Let not this blooddy butcher nowe
thy selie Lambe heare kyll.

O Lorde looke downe at laſte,
turne not awaye thy face
From ſinners poore. Beſtow on me
the treſure of thy grace.
Thou ſeeſt my innocence
thou knoweſt the payne and ſmart
That I endured haue, to thee,
I do commit my part.
As Heſter thou didſt helpe
when ſhee did make her mone:
So Lord helpe mee for why my hope
remaynes in thee alone
As Suſan fayre, thou didſt
deliuer in her woe.
And Iudith from the myghty hand
of Holoferne alſo:
From this ſame Centaure fearce,
ſaue me (O Lorde) I praye:
Which of myne honour ſo dyd ſeeke,
to beare the ſpoyle awaye.
And then with fired eyes,
ſhee ſtill beheulues the ground
With looke amaſed ſtaryng lyke
as ſhee weare in a ſounde.
Mandozze now, no more
the Countie can abyde:
But raigyng then wyth countnance
to him forthw doth ride. (fearce,

And

And sayth, Thou Traytour, I
do now most playnlie see,
Thy accusacion agaynst
this Pryncesse, falce to bee.
Inuented for dispite,
most wicked man alyue.
And as I saye the truth of it,
so God graunt me to thryue.
And that thou her belyest
I will the same mayntayne.
Euen in thy hart, right fallye thou
this vylanie didst fayne.
And wretched Parrycyde,
thou hast deserued to dye:
For murdrynge of thy Nepheu pore,
whose gyltles blood doth crye,
For vengeance iust, before
the face of God: to paye
The due deserued hyre furthwith,
and this which I do saye:
By force in fight, I will
approue it by and bye.
Thy wicked breath infectes the ayre,
thy lyfe offendes the skye.
The light doth loth thy looke.
tis time for thee to dye.
But now by dint of sword with thee,
the truth heare will I trye.

De

Yee had no soner saide
but strayght with courage stowte:
The Countie fearce, as Forest boze,
these wozdes her blustred owt
Defamed villayne thou.
which nowe hast hid thy name:
Lest ẏ thy filthy faultes they might
be vttred with the same.
Darest thou to warrant her
which thus hath forfaited
By whordome vyle for to defile
the Duke her husbandes bed?
Afrayd for vilanye
though knowne ẏ woldest not bee:
Yet may thy shamelesse wordes,
declare so muche of thee,
That thou sum Ruffian,
one of her mates mightest seme,
A vahabound dispysed knaue,
whom no man doth esteeme.
And therfore, with dispite
to thee. I will maintaine
That thou doest falsie speake of mee:
and so I do againe
Defie thee, as a slaue
whose due desertes require
No better: but with her to bee
burned within one fyre.

Or at an Horses taile,
for to be drawen about
The towne: to thend all wanton la-
dyes still maye stand in doubt,
To do the lyke: as well
as ruffians such as thou,
Which dailie do entise to ill,
they care not whom nor how.
So then the Herauldе did
begin to make the crye.
For so the custome did require,
the knightes, imediatlye
Set s eares into the reste
and urth on breath ed se
They run till ioining both theyr shel
their speares w̄ such a force (des
nto their Gauntlets broke,
heir bodies metyng so:
at both to gether tusklyng downe
to the ground do goe.
holdeth fast
aynes within
ach heate in hartes they
sire to win, (haue
nge vp agayne,
to fight
swerdes a Combate
olyght. (then
The

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The one doth thyrst alwayes,
the others blood to spyll:
No blowe was yet not lent, but it
was well repayed styll.
And so lenge tyme they fyght,
and still the victorie:
Doth seeme betweene them both,
with dowtfull wynges to flye.
The peoples gasing eyes,
do looke for suche a blow.
By Lord Mandozze his hand, ẏ might
the C[illegible]ntie ouerthrow.
The D[illegible] lyfe and death
in Ba[illegible]ce euen doth lye.
Sumtime more like to liue shee is,
somtime she lookes to die.
It was right hard that whyle,
the heauyer payse to know.
The wayght is lifted vp and dov
it turneth with a blowe
For now must manlyk[illegible]
Discerne the better rig[illegible]
¶ Not heare the truth by
but by the swerde the
And he must keepe his
that would not lea[illegible]
Such lawe at larg[illegible]
they pleade and [illegible]